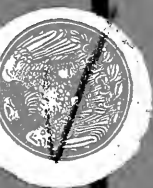


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Ave Maria or the Mother of Jesus

IN VERSE

WITH SOME SELECTED
POEMS AND SONGS FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
CHURCH AND HOME

BY THE

REV. D. A. PERRIN



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AVE MARIA
OR THE
MOTHER OF JESUS
IN VERSE

WITH SOME SELECTED POEMS AND SONGS
FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL, CHURCH AND HOME

By the
REV. D. A. PERRIN, A. M., D. D.
Author of "Faith at the Cross," "The Man of Galilee;"
"Mothers' Day Song."

NORMAL, ILLINOIS
D. A. PERRIN & CO.

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MADONNA AND CHILD

PREFACE

Ave Maria, or the Mother of Jesus is the heritage of the Christian Church and all civilized nations. To her belongs the honor of being the Mother of Jesus, and of having nursed him in infancy, and reared him from childhood and youth to manhood; and cared for him as a sacred trust given her of God and as an example for all mothers to follow. As Jesus advanced in age toward mature years and manhood her interest in him became more intense, and she consecrated her life to his well-being, his culture in religion, and his conversation. For God had, before, given her to know that he was to be a Savior to the people; a light to enlighten the Gentiles and the glory of his people Israel.

When he entered upon his ministry, being at about thirty years of age, her prayers followed him, and sometimes was she permitted to hear him as he taught the people and to witness the performance of his miracles.

She was present at the marriage and first miracle wrought in Cana of Gallilee, when at his command the waters blushed and the water-urns became filled with the sweetest and best of wine.

It is altogether probable that Mary was present on many occasions, and listened to his discourses and witnessed his wonder-working power in healing the diseases of the people. But notably was Mary, the Mother of Jesus, present at the crucifixion, and at the tomb on the eventful morning of the resurrection, and at the meeting of the disciples on the *first* and *second* sabbath evenings when Jesus showed himself to them alive. And at the Ascension, and before and on the day of Pentecost.

And it is reasonable to suppose that her life in the home of St. John, the Evangelist, and in the Church at Jerusalem was spent in praying and working for the up-building of the Kingdom of God among men. And as we look forward today to the Church's future and the spread of Christianity among the nations of the Earth we may safely say:

Throughout the world her name shall rise
As sweetest incense to the skies;
And where the gospel is proclaimed,
Her love and influence shall remain.

With the hope of impressing upon the minds of mothers, and children, and our youth, and all who read these verses the beautiful gospel story of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, this poem "Hail, Maria" is sent forth on its mission of love and good will to all.

THE AUTHOR.

LIFE HISTORY OF MARY.

Of Mary, the Virgin, spouse of Joseph, and Mother of our Lord, no minute and circumstantial details are given respecting her parentage, and her early as well as later history. Speculation is foreign to the purpose of enquiry and human curiosity cannot be satisfied. For little is told of her except in her relation to Jesus, and even here is no complete story. All the evangelists are silent regarding her parentage; for the genealogical tables in Matthew and Luke have immediate respect to Joseph, not to Mary. That she was however of the house and lineage of David, though "an hand maiden of low estate" is implied in the announcement that her supernatural offspring should according to the flesh be David's son, and the proper heir to his throne. (Luke 1:32; Rom. 1:3; Rev. 22:16.)

Of her natural relationships we only know that she was the cousin of Elizabeth, the wife of Zacharias. (Luke 1:36) who was herself by immediate parentage of the house of Aaron. The first recorded incident in her history is the visit of the angel Gabriel to her giving intimation of the miraculous conception of the Savior. When this memorable occurrence took place she was residing at Nazareth, and had been espoused, though not married to Joseph, a man of the house of David. (Luke 1:26, 27.)

The angelic salutation to her was "hail, highly favored." The word in the original Greek signifies to be made an object of grace or free favor, "Highly favored"

therefore may be held the true equivalent of the original expression.

With devout and reverent submission she listened to the divine communication startling though it was, and only asked for such explanations as the peculiar circumstances of the case called for.

Her delight was to obey as a willing hand maiden of the Lord; and with what feelings of humility her soul was penetrated on the occasion, how much she felt herself to be a monument of grace on account of the high distinction conferred on her appears from the song she poured forth shortly after in the house of Elizabeth. (Luke 1:46-55.)

The visit of Mary to Elizabeth, who lived in the hill country of Judea, at a considerable distance from Nazareth, is recorded as taking place sometime after her interview with the angel. No explanations are given of it, but we can easily conceive how natural it was in the circumstances, or even in a sense necessary. Mary's situation as destined by supernatural agency to be the mother of the Lord, placed her in a delicate relation to Joseph, her espoused husband, and she could not fail to see that Joseph must at once become acquainted with the circumstances. None could do this more easily than her relatives Zacharias and Elizabeth. It was, doubtless, during Mary's three months' residence with them that Joseph was informed of her condition—not only of the fact but also of Mary's explanation of it. On first hearing of the tidings he was minded to put her away but was led to change his mind in consequence of a special revelation granted to him on the subject. (Matt. 1:20-22.)

He was now assured by direct communication from above that Mary was with child of the Holy Ghost; that the child was to be the Savior of the world, and consequently that Mary was the Virgin indicated in the prophesy of Isaiah as chosen in the divine purpose to give birth to the Immanuel. (Isa. 7:14.)

In accordance with the knowledge and direction thus received, Joseph took Mary formally to wife but "Knew her not till she had brought forth her son." (Matt. 1:25.)

The actual place of birth by reason of a decree of Augustus, was not at Nazareth, but Bethlehem. There Jesus was born, and was visited by the shepherds, and the wise men. Nothing more is said of Mary in connection with this event, but she pondered all these things in her heart. (Luke 2:19.)

The presentation of Jesus in the temple was the next transaction in which we find Mary taking part, and as it is said to have occurred after her purification, and about forty days after his birth, probably before they left Bethlehem. Sayings were uttered on this occasion both by Simeon and Anna which must have made a deep impression on the heart of Mary, prophetic sayings in which the evil and the good, depths of sorrow and heights of glory were strangely intermingled. But whatever Mary's feelings might be, no indication has been given. Nor do we learn anything of her separately in connection with the flight to Egypt and the return from it, the resumed settlement at Nazareth, and the general course of events which ensued.

The visit to Jerusalem at the feast of the Passover when Jesus had reached his twelfth year is the only incident till he began his public ministry which is related either of him or Mary.

Nearly twenty years more elapsed, and Mary again appears on the scene. Before this however the hearts of all had been stirred by the earnest ministry and Baptism of John.

Jesus himself had come forth from his privacy at Nazareth, and had been publicly announced by John as the greater than he who was to come, and had impressed the minds of a chosen few with a conviction of his extraordinary powers and Messianic character.

He had been invited to a marriage at Cana, where his mother was also a guest, and when the first miracle was performed at her suggestion, when the water was turned into wine.

Again near the middle of his ministry when great excitement respecting him at Capernaum had risen to its height and he was meeting the vile insinuations and blasphemies of his pharisaical adversaries with the firmest opposition and strongest denunciations the mother and brothers appeared upon the scene, probably to persuade him to desist, but in vain.

Again Mary visits Jerusalem and is an unwilling witness of the horrors of the crucifixion; when the prophetic word of Simeon; that a sword should pierce her own soul also, came to its full realization, she stood with a few women near the cross beholding in unutterable anguish the dreadful scenes of that hour.

If anything could comfort her at such a time and place, it must have been found in the filial recognition and affectionate address which Jesus gave, suffering on the cross, to her and the beloved disciple—to her, “Behold thy Son;” to John, “Behold thy Mother.” From that hour the disciple took her to his own home implying that Joseph no longer lived. How long she remained there is not given, nor how long she continued to live. Her name is mentioned among the 120 disciples who assembled in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, after the ascension of the Lord, waiting for the promise of the Holy Ghost. (Acts 1:14.)

This ends the account given in the gospels of the Virgin Mother. Tearfully, we hear nothing more of her in the history of the early church, nor is she mentioned in the epistles of the apostles. Amid the glory of Jesus and the resurrection she fades from our sight. But the memory of Mary, the Mother of Jesus is ever fragrant with the aroma of immortality. The author in the preparation of the *Life of Mary* gratefully acknowledges valuable assistance afforded him by an article in the *Imperial Bible Dictionary*, published in London, England, and edited by Rev. Patrick Fairbairn, D.D., whom the author once met in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

THE TEACHINGS OF THE APOSTLES.

Doubtless, the teachings of the Apostles are to be found in what is known in Christendom as the Apostles' Creed, which is universally received by all orthodox churches as an expression of their faith in the tenets of Christianity, based on that impregnable rock of scriptures the Holy Bible. In this creed we are told what the early Church and the Fathers believed concerning the Father, Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Virgin Mary, the Church, the Resurrection, and the life everlasting.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

Herein the name of the Virgin appears
 For all of time and through the coming years,
 Related to the Father, and "God with us,"
 As the holy, bless'd mother of Jesus.
 Of her prime* virtues let all the world sing,
 And around the whole earth her praises ring;
 For upon her this honor heav'n approved,
 "Hail, highly fav'r'd" Mother of Jesus, b'loved.

D. A. PERRIN.

May 20, 1910.

*Humility and resignation.

AVE MARIA.

Hail! Maria, immaculate*
Blest Virgin of a royal race;
From a line of Kings descended,
Prophesying, saw not thy face.

Hail! Maria, highly favored
Of heaven to be the mother
Of our Lord and thine forever,
Even, Jesus, Savior, Brother.

Not in Palace, nor in Mansion,
But among the herd of the stall;
In a manger didst thou lay him,
Thy only Son, and Lord of all.

There wondering shepherds found him
In a manger lying; and thee,
With a mother's heart and passion,
Watching by his side pensively.

Nor could they restrain their feelings,
When they beheld the promised child,
And the mother smiling o'er him,
With a countenance sweet, and mild.

Then they told with joy the story
Of the angel's visit to them;
And the song they sang rejoicing
O'er the high hills of Bethlehem.

"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, and good will to men;
For in Bethlehem, today, is born,
A Savior who is Christ, the Lord."

Then in humble adoration,
They bowed before the Child-Savior,
Worshipping, and adoring him,
*With their hearts aflame with fervor.

*Immaculate, from in, not, macula, a spot, hence pure, free from defect, stainless.

And then returning to their flocks,
Rejoicing and praising the Lord;
For all they had there seen and heard,
Of the child Jesus, and his word.

There the wise men came to worship,
Guided by "his star" in the heavens,
And at his feet poured their treasures
Of gold and myrrh and frank incense.

Hail! Maria, had not been uttered,
Pondered all these things in her heart;
Looking at her babe she wondered,
If from her bosom he should depart.

Precious treasure! God gave to thee,
When the angel told thee, "Mary
There shall be born to thee, a son
And thou shalt call his name Jesus."

Blessed art thou among women,
And blessed the child born to thee,
A light the Gentiles to lighten
And the glory of Israel.

Upon the Cross he thought of thee,
When he said, "Woman, b'hold thy Son,"
And to John, beloved disciple,
Wishfully, "Behold thy Mother."

Thou did'st hail with joy the rising
Of thy son from death's dark'st room,
And in the light of God's morning
Beheld his power o'er death and th' tomb.

Hail! Maria, thy son liveth!
Hail! O Jesus, thou art, yea more,
From the dead ris'n and hast the keys
Of death and hades, evermore.

Then with his disciples meeting
In the inner chamber above,
Upon the *First* sabbath evening,
Jesus brought to them joy and love.

From his lips fell the salutation,
"Peace be unto you;" and he stands,
And then, he showed them his pierced side
And print of the nails in his hands.

Oh, what joy did his presence give
To his disciples whom he loved,
And to his mother who bore him,
And to whom her true love she proved.

Last at his Cross; first at the tomb,
On the glad resurrection morn,
When the angels declared the tomb
Empty, "He's not here; He's risen."

Hail! Maria, Jesus, Savior,
Be upon thy lips when thou pray'st,
Hail! Maria, blessed Mother!
Hail! O, Jesus, thou who savest.

Then on the *Second* Sabbath evening
Thomas met with the disciples,
The door of the chamber being
Closed against their enemies.

Jesus appeared "in the midst" of
Them, together with the women,
Saying, "Peace be unto you;" and
He looked around on them awaken.

"Thomas, reach hith'r thy hand, thrust it
Into my side; put thy finger
Into the print of the nails, and
Be not faithless, but believing."

Thomas pierced through by his words,
Yet rejoicing, as it was meet,
B'holding him, said, "My Lord, My God,"
Worshipp'd, bowing low, at his feet.

Then said Jesus to him kindly,
"Thomas, because thou hast seen me,
Thou hast believed; blessed are they
Whom having not seen have believed."

Of meeting with his disciples,
Jesus, from the tomb arisen,
Led them forth to Olivet's crest,
And blessing them, rose up to heaven.

And a cloud received him out of
Their sight. And while they were looking
Steadfastly to heaven, as he went,
Behold, two men stood by them in
White apparel; who also said,
Ye men of Gallilee, why stand
Ye looking to heaven? This Jesus
Who was received up from you to
Heaven shall so come in like manner
As ye saw him going to heaven.
Then they returned to Jerusalem,
And when they were come in they went
Up into the upper chamber
Where they were abiding: Peter
And John, and James and Andrew and
Phillip and Thomas, Bartholemew,
And Matthew, James, son of Alphaeus
And Simon, the zealot, and Judas
The son of James, these all with one
Accord continued steadfastly in
Prayer with the women, *and Mary*
The Mother of Jesus.

Hail! Maria, 'Twas thy last view
Of him thou lovest so dearly,
When he ascended to heaven,
In the chariot-clouds of glory.

Then with his disciples thou pray'st
In the secret chamber above,
In th' city of Jerusalem,
For the Holy Spirit and love.

And as with one accord thou pray'st
With his disciples, suddenly,
The power of God came upon them,
And all were filled with the spirit.

And cloven tongues like as of fire
 Sat on the head of each of them,
 And his presence their souls inspire
 As the spirit gave them utterance.

Then was fulfilled the promise,
 "Tarry ye in Jerusalem
 Till ye shall be endued with power,
 From on High" by his unction given.

Hail! Maria, thy bleeding heart,
 Was wont to mourn his keen sorrows,
 As when thrust through with lance a hart
 Seeks refuge in sweet solitude.

But now Jesus thy son liveth,
 His sufferings o'er, peacefully
 Exalted to the Father's right hand,
 Thou shalt partake of his glory.

Thy monument on earth, in heaven,
 Shall pierce the vaulted skies, beneath,
 And exist longer than the sun
 That shineth, or moon endureth.

The Church of God, below, above,
 Shall honor thee, "Hail! Maria,"
 At her holy, blest shrine with love,
 In her imposing ritual.

And thy son, exalted a Savior,
 As on earth, so in heaven,
 Shall *remember thee* as Mother,
 And crown thee *first* among women.

A PRAYER BY THE AUTHOR.

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallow'd b' Thy name; Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done, on earth, in heaven,
Do thou create our hearts anew
In thy holy, blessed image,
Through Thy well beloved son, Jesus,
Our Lord, and only Savior,
Who, born of the Virgin Mary,
Veiled his glory in our nature,
Exalted and glorified it,
In his own person upon earth;
Was crucified, dead and buried,
Rose from the dead on the third day,
Became the first fruits of them that slept.
He ascended up to heaven
And sitteth down on the right hand
Of the everlasting Father,
Till his enemies be subdued,
And all men through him shall be saved.
We thank thee, O Father, that he
Did not despise the virgin's womb,
Nor the taking of man's nature
And the form of a man-servant
Among men, that he might save them
From sin, and death, and pains of hell,
As he honored "Hail! Maria"
And her holy virginity,
And impearled her blessed name
On his crown the son of Mary,
So Father may we honor her
By believing in Jesus Christ,
As our adorable Savior,
And following his example,
E'en saying in our heart of hearts,
Hail! Maria, blessed Mother!
Hail! O Jesus, thou who savest.



REV. D. A. PERRIN, A.M.

This picture was taken in Baldwin, Kansas, while attending the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of Baker University, June 5-10, 1909, of which Institution he was a Professor in 1871-2.

Selected Poems

Being a selection from his writings of Poems suitable
for this book.

BY THE

REV. D. A. PERRIN, A.M.

MARIA.

Grace, Mercy, and Peace, be to thee,
The loved, and the beloved of heav'n.
The Church on Earth shall honor thee,
And thy blest son, Jesus, given.

Thy sweet conduct, a pattern is,
Of grace, and true humility;
A willing hand maiden of God
Resigned to his will implicitly.

Maria, beloved of heaven,
And highly favor'd of the Lord,
To thee, the promise is given,
A son, according to his word.

His name shall be called Jesus,
A Savior of his people.
The Immanuel "God with us,"
Holy, and reverend is his name.

Grace, Mercy, and Peace be to thee,
Maria, the beloved of heaven,
Hail! Mother of our ascend'd Lord
Whose intercessions, free, are given.

THE WONDERFUL CHILD.

Wonderful, wonderful child is born,
The gift of the Father to us;
Brightest jewels his nature adorn,
His name shall be called Jesus.

Glad was the night of Nativity,
When Jesus the Savior, was born,
Heaven opened her portals of glory,
Earth now is no longer forlorn.

The stillness of midnight is broken
By th' song of the angels above;—
“Peace upon earth and good-will to men”
Greeted wond’ring shepherds in love.

They sang with the sweetness of heaven,
Intoned the Message of Love:—
“Behold I bring good tidings” to men,
“Of Great joy” from realms above.

Clearly rang out the Nativity hymn,
While the heavens gleamed so bright;
“Unto you is born in Bethlehem
A Savior, who is Lord and Light.”

Joyful they behold their Savior-King,
Humbly in a manger laid,
The child wrapped in swaddling clothes they sing
To him; the Litany is said.

The priests of the sun their worship pay,
Guid’d by his star to Bethlehem;
Gold and frank incense and myrrh bring they
As Prophet, Priest, and King to him.

O greatest gift of God’s eternal Love,
Jesus the Lord, my priestly King;
Inspire my song; my soul and powers move;
My ransom’d soul, Thy glory sing.

GOD'S ANCIENT PEOPLE.

God of thine Ancient people hear
The prayer we offer, now, to thee;
Look on thy scattered tribes in fear.
Turn thou from their captivity.

Give them to see Thy promised son,
Born of a virgin; long made known
Prophet of God; O make them one,
In faith, and love with all thine own,

God of Thy chosen Israel,
The blindness from their eyes remove,
Graft them into Thy own Olive tree,
Th' natural branches of Thy love.

The God of Jacob, let us praise,
For Israel, his joy obtains;
With thousands of sweet voices raise
The trumpet song,—Messiah reigns.

TRUST IN GOD.

How can I doubt, O God of love,
Thy goodness and thy love to me?
How great my cares or burdens prove,
I still am thine, I trust in Thee.

O blow, ye winds! the fiercest gale!
The storm's dark cloud burst o'er my head,
The proud waves roll, mount high the sail,
Love's anchor holds, my soul is stay'd.

From doubts and fears I turn aside,
I tread the path, by faith oft trod,
And follow Thee, what e'er betide,
Thro' all the way, and trust in God.

Life's problem's Thou wilt full explain,
When the trials are all o'er past,
To my sad, patient heart make plain,
And joy will come to me at last.

My God is Love, Why should I fear?
"He leadeth me." "Calls me by name."
No angel spirit dwells so near,
Today, tomorrow, e'er the same.

TO THE DOWAGER QUEEN ALEXANDRA.*

These words of condolence and poem were sent May 9, 1910, to Her Majesty, the Dowager Queen Alexandra, Buckingham Palace, London, England, by the author, on the occasion of the death of the late King Edward VII.

The Lord give thee peace; yea more, may He speak to the waves of trouble and sorrow, "Peace Be Still," as he once spake to the troubled bosom of Gallilee. And as then, may you have "calm" of soul, and blessed faith in His power to sustain, and comfort you in this hour of bereavement, and trial, keeping your mind in perfect peace and assurance.

A crumb of comfort from the Lord's table,
To sweeten sorrow's cup of grief and pain,
To thee is given without stint or measure,
And to all His gifts weds a sweet refrain.

A word to thee in season is
As light that shineth on the way
'Twill bring to thee, the joy that's His,
As flowers perfume the month of May.

Thy God give thee, the word, this joy,
Amidst death's gloom, and earth's sorrow;
His word is joy, without alloy,
Through life's brief day and tomorrow,
The fairest of the earth be thine,
E'en Sharon's rose, fragrant with love,
The Lillie's sweetness, pure, divine
All thine, and the sweet strains above.

*Her Majesty made a very courteous reply.

THE ALCHEMY WHICH TURNS ALL INTO GOLD.

The thread in the warp woven by the shuttle
May be clearly seen in the garment that's worn,
The thought in the heart breath'd by the loving spirit,
May as certainly in the life be as known.

The hue of the thread in the warp that is woven
Is same as that in the garment when 'tis old;
The love in the heart wrought by the spirit given
Is the alchemy which turns all into gold.

O Thou, who art infinite, eternal spirit,
If a worm of the dust may come to thy throne,
O clothe with a garment, a thread of life in it,
Oh, inbreathe Thy love which turns all into gold.

LEAD THOU ME ON.

O Thou, my Guide, my Light, my Joy, my Way,
Lead thou me on;
The way is dark as night before the day,
Lead thou me on;
The life ebbs out and I am far from home
The shadows lengthen 'round me while I roam.
I see the distant hills molten with gold,
From out the night
The star of Hope arises as of Old,
With golden light,
The dawn comes on and the glorious day,
The night's dismantl'd by the heavenly ray.
So shall it ever be with those who pray,
Lead thou me on;
The night of death and fear shall pass away
As we pray on;
Nor death nor life shall part us from the way
Which leads to Home and the eternal Day.

LET THE LIGHT COME IN.

Let light come into thy heart
And blest the entrance will be
Darkness will then all depart,
And thou shalt ever be free.

Sorrows shall, then, have an end,
And fears and troubles shall cease,
Jesus, the Lord be thy friend,
And all within shall be peace.

Tokens of love will be seen,
The joy of peace then be known,
Jesus, thy soul will redeem,
And make thee surely His own.

Walk in the light of His love
Sweet thy fellowship will be;
Jesus will crown thee above
With joy, and glorify thee.

Let light come into thy soul
And night shall turn into day,
Thou wilt be ev'ry whit whole,
Rejoice, in Jesus, the Way.

IMMORTALITY.

O, who with a clear prophetic vision,
Has attuned his harp in rhythmical numb'rs,
To that happy, yet certain transition,
Which is common also to him and oth'rs?
Philosophy is silent where there's death,
The mystery it cannot full explore;
It parts company with the passing breath,
Throws no light upon the life evermore.

Man sighed to know, is there a future life?
He groped amid the relics of the tomb,
No light was shed on this, his heartless strife,
There all was in darkness as in earth's womb,

At last the sun burst forth, and with the light,
Rising in the morn of the risen one,
The clouds of doubt which hung over the night,
Vanished 'mid the dazzling splendors of the Son.
The gospel of "good cheer" to all the race,
Banished the spell of vexing doubts and fears;
A hope was given, a smile lit up the soiled face;
He healed the swelling sighs and wiped away the
tears.

A life beyond was sung at early morn,
Hard by the empty tomb where Jesus had lain,
The message "He's risen" was as the light of dawn,
To them who remembered there "He was slain,"
Oh, our friends pass on with exultant trend,
There's no death to them pillow'd on Jesus' breast,
Faith sees them crowned with life that ne'er shall end,
Safe in His presence, and forever blest.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

When I am gone, "weep not for me;"
Be of good cheer, for 'tis God's will;
Joy in heaven's gifts bestowed on thee,
Nor miss my presence 'round thee still.

Think not I'm far, "I still am near,"
And watching thy soft tread and smile;
Thy converse low, I too, now hear
Thy whispered words, faint prayers awhile.

Spread 'round the Throne a sea of glass,
Still, clear; we on its shore do rest;
View earth's scenes pictured as they pass,
Thus share "God's knowledge, and are blest."

LUX VERI.

The Bible is the light of truth,
 The lamp which shines upon the way,
 The guide to all men from their youth,
 The sure support of souls that pray.

Oh, ponder well each sacred page,
 Learn of God's wisdom, power and love;
 Seek ye the Christ; in ev'ry age
 Thy Prophet, Priest, King from above.

Millions such treasure cannot buy.
 All is God's greatest gift today;
 On his own word thou can'st rely,
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away.

With holy zeal clasp to thy breast,
 This noblest treasure God has given;
 On his blest truth securely rest,
 Till God shall call thee home to heaven.

TRIBUTE TO

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM HASSLER.

MAN AND POET.

Who shall write his epitaph,
 Or build his cenotaph
 To him the man?
 His, but to do for right,
 To serve his country fight
 For justice, in whose sight
 A nobleman.

Who shall write his epitaph
 Or who shall gauge his craft,
 Forsooth his art;
 His, a patriot's fire
 A warm, ardent desire
 For country and his sire
 A guileless heart.

Who shall write his epitaph,
Who fell as aftermath
 Without warning?
His, a life to record
A birth, man of his word,
Who trusted in "staff and rod,"
 Above cunning.

Built he a monument,
A poet's compliment,
 From man to man;
None read but to love him,
None knew but to prize him,
None saw but to praise him,
 A gifted man.

Some tell us life is vain
And the goal is not gain
 For those who strive;
Pray thee, look at Hassler,
Superb in character,
Honored, useful, stronger
 For weal and life.

By what shall he be known
By all men and his own
 As days pass by;
The busy man of years
The Christian man 'out fears
The Poet-man in tears
 Of by and Bye.

Long live the noble soul,
And o'er his spirit aeons roll,
 Inscribe on scroll
The immortality
Of love and charity,
For wife, mother, chastity
 Home, children all.

Mourners go through the street
And tell all whom they meet
 Hassler is gone;
Oh cov'r his grave with flowers
'Mid the weeping bowers,
And cherish love that towers
 Heav'nward with song.

IN MEMORIAM.

Verses composed on the passing away of Miss Lou Denning, of Normal, Ill., for fourteen years a Missionary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Rosario, South America.

Do they meet one another there,
In the home over yonder
Who loved the beautiful and fair,
Whose peace flowed as a river?
Yes, they do meet each other there,
In the house of God above,
Who have loved and walked together,
In sweet fellowship of love.

Do they see each other's faces,
Beyond the starry canopy?
And behold each other's graces,
All through wide eternity?
Yes, in the Fathers' house above,
They do see them face to face,
Whose spirits here communed in love,
Transfigured by light of his grace.

Oh, 'tis a thought I long to know,
Do they know each other there?
Where joy rises higher and o'erflow,
Who were kindred spirits here.
Yes, they do know each other there,
In the house of God not made with hands,
Known, truly, as they were known here,
And in the far away lands.

Do they think of loved ones at home,
The dear ones whom they have left?
Do they wait to give them welcome
To the heav'nly joys and rest?
Yes, they do think of them when gone
To their Savior's prepared place,
And they do wait with psalm and song
For them to come face to face.

D. A. PERRIN.

June 3, 1910.

ANNA BELL.

Spirit sweet, thou lovedst to cherish
Bright'st thoughts of mother, home and heaven,
'Twas thy chief delight to lavish
Responsive loves for loves given.

Thy budding life at school, at home,
So fragrant as bloom of flowers;
Thou lovedst in Nature's paths to roam,
And with the twinkling stars spend hours.

Thy life so like a chime of bells,
Even, harmonious, and true;
Deep and o'erflowing as the wells
Of sparkling, laughing water's pure.

The music of thy soul was joy,
It's melody rang out in song,
At home, in school, and sweet employ,
These sylvan strains thou didst prolong.

Bright, queenly, thou lovedst thy home,
Guard'd as by angels and by love;
No fear of gales without to come.
Within, only love's zephyrs move.

Thou motherest thy children, dear,
Whom thou didst teach in home and school,
By winning words, smiles drew them near,
And with them sung sweet'st songs by rule.

Thy faith reposed on Jesus' breast,
And when His call to thee had come,
In Him had sweet and perfect rest,
Prepared as God's angel for home.

And when the gate of heaven opening
Received thy waiting, ready soul,
In the twilight of the morning
Angels bear thee to joys untold.

That thou are gone, why should we mourn?
Nay, rather rejoice with thee in heaven,
Thy silent breast, no more forlorn,
Bereft of pain, rest in peace given.

O frail as delicate flower,
So charming by Nature and love,
Transplanted by Thee, O Father,
Blooms and casts its fragrance above.

D. A. PERRIN.

June 7, 1910.

REMEMBER THE DEAR ONES AT HOME.

Remember the dear ones at home
Around the family tree,
Where're thy wandering feet may roam
O'er the earth's famed battle fields,
Or far away beyond the sea,
Whither Neptune's sails carry thee.

O the days that passed fleetly by,
When you loved to romp and play,
And sing of the "sweet By and Bye,"
In the sweet land,—land of Day,
And 'round the hearth at eveningtide
With the dear ones by your side.

O the faces you loved to see,
And the smiles which greeted you
In childhood, when you lisped thy prayer,
And mother sang so sweet to thee,
While sitting in the old arm chair
She kissed thy eye-lids to sleep.

Remember the dear ones at home
When you are far, far away,
They will welcome you when you come
Back again, be it night or day,
Perhaps thy mother then will be gone
To her heav'nly home above.

But they will sing you "Mother's song,"
Say "I give to him my love,"
And then will give to you the book,
Hidden deep within her breast,
As a remembrance how she look'd
When she pass'd 'way to her rest.

D. A. PERRIN.

THE ETERNAL GOD, OUR REFUGE.

"The Eternal God is thy Refuge." Deut. 33:27.

God of all grace and majesty,
Thy blessing we implore,
Thro' time and in eternity
Thy holy name adore.

Father of all, the Almighty,
The blest eternal King,
Giver of Life and Liberty,
We to Thy glory sing.

The Creator, Lord of glory,
Giver of Christ the son,
Who gave himself on Calvary,
To redeem us his own.

To thee, the great Jehovah—God,
Be endless praises giv'n,
Who redeemed us by his own blood
And made us heirs of heav'n.

Eternal God my refuge be
In storms of sore distress,
My comforter when in trouble,
Hope, when waves o'erwhelm me.

'Neath me he plants his loving arms,
Upholds, and strengthens me;
Delivers from all dread alarms,
And gives me victory.

D. A. PERRIN.

June 8, 1910.

I TAKE THEE, O THOU SON OF GOD.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

I take thee, O thou Son of God,
My pers'nal Savior, thine to be.
Trust thee, thy purifying blood
Shall cleanse from sin and set me free,

I take Thee, O Thou blest Savior,
To be my best and dearest friend,
Through all my days, and ev'ry hour,
To serve Thee, till my duties end.

I take Thee, Jesus, my dear Lord,
O, be my soul's sweet, 'biding rest,
To dwell within by Thy own word.
My soul's wise Councilor and guest.

I take Thee, Savior, friend and Lord,
My guide, my joy, my hope, my all.
O teach me by thy grace and word,
O keep me thine whate're befall.

D. A. PERRIN.

Normal, Ill., May 29, 1910.

THE MILEAGE OF LIFE.

Whither, O Traveler, pray thee,
On the highway of destiny?
Without a guide, or a compass,
Alone, trustless, alas friendless.
The night is dark all around thee,
The heavens low, shade thee, only,
With portentous clouds, and no sun,
And thy mileage only begun.
In the fathomless sea above,
The stars are deaf, and blind to love,
Nor silv'ry moon shines as of old
Upon thy path, clouded and cold.
The way is long without an end,
The heart is lone, without a friend,
E'en gold cannot buy righteousness,
Befriend thee is brotherliness.
Receive Me as thy Guide and friend,
Thy troubles, then, shall have an end,
Joy will rise swimming in thine eyes,
Sun, moon and stars shall for thee rise.

June 10, 1910.

MOTHER!

Mother, dear name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows, troubles cease;
'Tis sweetest music in our ears,
Thro' all our conflicts, trials, peace.

Mother, no word so kind as thine,
That calms and soothes the beating heart;
'Tis joy within, sacred, divine,
Nor from our minds shall e'er depart.

Mother, no heart like thine to love,
That none thou lov'st shall be forgot;
'Tis power to raise our thoughts above,
Whate'er our tempers, or our lot.

Mother, what face with thine compare,
That makes thy memory so dear?
'Tis sweet beyond compare and fair,
Thy smile is joy; eyes brimfull o' cheer.

Mother, no lips like thine so sweet,
That kissed away our fears and tears,
While caressing around thy feet,
In infant days and childhood years.

Mother, no hand so soft as thine,
That gently smooths the furrow'd brow;
'Tis thy blest antidote, divine,
That soothes, and cheers and comforts now.

Mother, no loss to us so great,
That we no more shall hear thy voice;
'Tis loss that heav'n 'lone compensate
To sorrow'ng souls, in hope rejoice.

Mother, thy name, thy word, thy face,
Thy hand, thy kiss, thy gift, thy love
Shall crown thee when thou'st run thy race
With brightest jewels from above.

September 7, 1910.

WILLIE.*

Willie, we do miss thee
At morn, at noon, at eve,
 As oft we meet;
'Round our table-cover,
First-born of thy mother,
Loved, and cherished ever,
 Thy name we greet.

Willie, we do miss thee
'Round our family tree,
 As we gather;
To praise for mercies given,
To sing of clouds riven,
And our fond hopes of heaven,
 Each day nearer.

Willie, we do miss thee,
Nor can we forget thee,
 And thy sweet face;
Thy cheery spirit and smile,
Thy songs and prayers awhile,
Naught could thy soul revile
 In thy short race.

Willie, we do miss thee.
Tho' in truth, thy soul's free
 From ev'ry care;
We miss thy childhood plays,
Thy ringing laugh, and lays,
Thy bright and happy ways,
 Thy voice in prayer.

Angels now do guard thee,
Voices sweet do cheer thee,
 Christ receives thee;
Thy soul is on the swing,
Borne high on angel's wing,
B'yond time and earthly thing,
 Untrammelled, free.

*Willard Scott Perrin, born April 19, 1880, died July 29, 1892.

Methinks, I now see thee
Through the thin veil near thee,
 A happy soul;
Thy ev'ry wish is joy,
E'en without an alloy,
In all thy best employ,
 O'er thy bos'm roll.

Willie, we shall meet thee,
When earth's dark shadows flee,
 Around the throne;
There our lives grow sweeter,
Friends, dearly loved, dearer,
Kindred spirits nearer
 As we are known.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. C. P. PLEDGER.*

His death a melancholy fate,
Whom all who knew him will deplore;
He has pass'd within th' heavenly gate,
And we shall see his face no more.

We weep that he's so early gone,
Our loss is his eternal gain,
He has received his Lord's "well-done,"
That he served Him not in vain.

His message of love and "good will"
To many and many a soul
Will be kindly remember'd still,
And joy will o'er their spirits roll.

His name will be sacred with his Lord's,
And enshrined within hearts of love,
For he told the "sweet story" in words,
To remind them of Heaven above.

He loved and was loved by all
His heart was so gentle and kind,
To him no evil could befall,
In search of true riches to find.

*Associate evangelist with the Rev. W. A. Sunday at Bloomington, Ill., and other places.

His life, pure as the crystal stream,
 Was consecrated to his dear Lord,
 So anxious was he to redeem
 The time, and win souls by His word.

He has finished his course with joy,
 He has kept the faith; run his race;
 The crown awaited his best employ,
 Now he's triumphant thru His grace.

In the ever and the never
 The lov'd and the dear ones will meet
 Lips seal'd will speak; faces smile ev'r,
 'Round the throne each other they'll greet.

Palms within their hands they will bear,
 The emblem of the victory;
 Crowns upon their heads they will wear,
 And triumph thru eternity.

D. A. PERRIN.

THINE ANGELS ABOVE.

Matt. 18:10.

Oh, when I read the sweet words of Jesus;
 "That in heaven their angels do always
 Behold the face of my Father in heaven"
 I fall at His feet and the story repeat
 Till my soul's fill'd with the glory of God,
 And his kingdom of bright angels above.

True, I've been looking thro' a glass, darkly,
 As one after another was taken,
 Of the lost ones whom I loved so dearly
 O I mused in my heart "lost and forsaken,"
 But now I know, their angels do always
 Behold the face of my Father in heaven.

Some sweet day I shall see them 'round the throne,
 Not as I knew them here, but as angels*
 Wearing the liv'ry of heav'n, and yet my own
 In the kingdom of God and of angels,
 For now I know their angels do always
 Behold the face of my Father in heaven.

*Equal to the angels (Luke 30:26) might be translated "Are angels like."—Whedon.

THE WEDDING RING.*

Think of the wedding ring
And of the emblem sing
A gleeful song;
That tells of love that's pure,
Of peace serene, secure,
Of joys dear that endure,
Tho' friends begone.

Think of the wedding ring
And of thy union sing;
Of joys to come;
When you, truly, made One
In close and sweet union
Plight faith in dear fashion
For love and home.

God bless thy union sweet,
Pray all thy friends, who greet
Thee One in love;
May all thy days be bright,
Sweet with sunshine and light
Glad, with His tokens in sight,
From heaven above.

HOME COMING.

(Tune America.)

The following poem was composed after reading in the Sunday Bulletin the address of the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, L.L.D., at the "Home Coming" convention held at Louisville, Ky., June 16, 1906.

This song-poem is respectfully dedicated to all Kentuckians by the author.

The word which thrills the heart,
Nor e'er from it depart.
Is Home, Sweet Home.
Tho' in a foreign land,
Bestride the desert strand,
We ne'er forget the hand
Which beckons, come.

*Composed on the occasion of the marriage of Rev. and Mrs. John Clark Ellinwood, Sunday morning, June 26, 1910, by Rev. Dr. E. P. Brand, in the Baptist church, Normal, Ill.

Oft in the stilly hour
The dream beneath the bower
Fond thoughts awake;
There is no place like home
Where're on earth we roam,
No songs so sweet; we come
All hearts partake.

Our lives are like a stream,
Our days are but a dream,
Of "Home Coming;"
The songs of sweet childhood,
The smiles of motherhood,
The words of sisterhood,
Like ivy cling.

Home! the enchanted ground,
Where little mounds are found,
We love them still;
Ancestral graves are there,
Sacred beyond compare,
'Neath the smiles of His care,
This 'tis God's will.

Oh, joy, we'll meet again,
And ev'r our loves retain,
Kind friends recall;
The hardships borne are past,
Rewards now come at last,
Sweet rest and Love's repast,
That come to all.

Our lives are not in vain,
Our friendships live again,
Here and around;
The gold lies in the vein,
The pure in heart shall reign,
Nor death nor life restrain
When w' cross the sound.

D. A. PERRIN.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

From varied wanderings by land and main
A way-worn pilgrim wi' joy comes back again.

Back to his home and friends dearest and best,
Where the weary and burden'd find sweet'st rest.

How charming the cottage hard by the sea,
The hills, and warbling brook and willow tree.

The winding paths fring'd with sweet violets,
The out spreading oaks and flowering budlets.

Rare beauties ope'n bos'ns b'fore my gleaming face
Which shed sweet fragrance near and far o'er th' place,

The fields green 'neath the prosperous shower,
The plains and woodlawn's streams with joy o'er power.

Merry voices 'liven hill and vale with song
That thrill my soul majestic strains prolong.

O happy souls to virtue wed, to Heaven
By the bles't power of prayer and leaven.

The dear old church is as a beacon light
Upon the hill where oft m' friends find chief d'light.

And bles't are they who meet where others meet,
Who feel a kindly lead and a brother's greet.

Within the fane, gladly, they seek a place
Where I was wont to praise and face to face.

The faithful sentinel heralds as of old,
And from his lips the cheerful message told.

The busy mill b'side th' stream grinds out the grist,
And glad they come and go in shine or mist.

The flood that drives the wheel and turns it round,
Ah! years to gladden them still there 'tis found.

The stream, the wheel, the mill still there today,
As when I was, all but Joe's sunny ray.

From grinding grists, dear man's gone to his rest,
But ne'er can be forgot one of God's best.

The sun sets o'er hills in crimson and gold,
Each day gives light and heat, pours joy untold.

The moon with silv'ry light doth shine above;
Se-renely smiles on scenes of peace and love.

The shepherd boy leads his flock 'side the stream,
And wanders 'round the hills to pastures green.

In shine or rain, mid cold or heat his life
He'd give to save the lambs with crook and fife.

The well-trod road to mart and play and school,
Throng'd with lasses and laddies taught by rule.

The friends of m' youth and joy of other days,
How oft I sighed for hame bringing mid d'lays.

O many a prayer went up to heaven that day,
To him who guid'd my feet in the homeward way.

The lowly cottage, where we sang b'side th' sea,
And mother taught us bairns just o'er the lea.

To thee, thank Heaven, I come, exile no more,
I breath the air of my own native shore.

D. A. PERRIN.

HEDLEY VICARS.*

Tune: Aletta.

He to early rest is gone
To the realm of joy and song;
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

*Born December 16, 1864. Died August 7, 1865.

Heav'n forbids his longer stay,
God hath taken him away!
He recalls the precious loan
From my bosom to his own.

What He wills is surely best,
Resigned; in His will I rest;
Faith triumphs; "It is the Lord,"
Who consoles us by His word.

He to early rest is gone
To the realm of joy and song;
Thine He is; no longer mine;
Thine to be, forever thine.

BISHOP C. C. McCABE.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A., of Normal, writes for the Bulletin the following on the death of Bishop C. C. McCabe, with whom he was personally acquainted:

Jesus calls his servants home
When their work on earth is done,
Saints and angels chant the welcome
Of their spirit one by one.

Th' world is richer for their lives
Spent in doing his behest;
Heaven is dearer and revives
Hearts bereft of their lov'd guest.

Mourn not for the dear ones gone,
They are safe within the vail;
Th' work of love they here begun
Shall eternally prevail.

In the ever and th' never
All the ransom'd ones will meet;
Hearts will love, faces smile ev'r;
Round the throne each oth'r they'll greet.

Palms within their hands they'll bear,
 The emblem of the vic-to-ry;
 Crowns upon their heads they'll wear
 And triumph thro' eternity.

About three years before the Bishop's death, while preaching before the Southern Illinois Conference, Sunday morning, at Litchfield, Ill., he paused while he was talking about Heaven and looking upward he exclaimed, with his hand uplifted—"There they are who have triumphed thru the blood of the lamb *palms within their hands and crowns upon their heads*—I will soon be there with them,—it may be three years, or five years, but I will be there among them." His premonition of approaching departure was literally true, for in three years time he was with the glorified in heaven.—

OBSEQUIES OF BISHOP C. C. MCCABE.

(In Memoriam.)

Solemn chimed the tolling bells
 As sad feet wend toward the fane;
 Each clanging number forth tells
 The burden'd years liv'd not in vain.

Slowly as in his presence now
 Tread softly ministers and friends;
 Lowly before the throne they bow
 Thus sealing love which never ends.

The songs of hope and charity
 Bring comfort to ev'ry heart,
 While thoughts of immortality,
 Bid anxious fears and doubts depart.

Nor words, nor eloquence suffice
 To tell the virtues of his life,
 Humble, honest, free from device,
 Zealous, serving God in the strife.

Our country was his great delight,
 For the Union, suffer'd and fought;
 To make all men free by his might,
 Many are the noble works he wrought.

VICTORIA.

Affiliated with Toronto University by Rev. Professor D.
A. Perrin, A.M.D.D., Alumnus of Toronto University,
Canada.

Delivered at an Alumni banquet in the presence of
Dr. Robert A. Falconer, President of Toronto University,
and educators, physicians, lawyers and ministers,
Chicago, Ill., April 25, 1910.

Oh, let the Muses sing
And, loud, the welkin ring
 Mater Alma;
As fair as lillies be,
Pure, bright, continually,
A joy, 'neath skies starry,
 Victoria.

Hail! Hail! the joy prolong,
Raise heart and voice in song,
 Per Aspera;

Her sons come from afar
Daughters thru doors ajar
Bright-glows her morning star,
 Ad-as-tr-a.

The truth for which she stands
God, Home, and native lands,
 Now and always;
True to ancestral fame,
There's glory in her name,
Thru crowning years the same
 God bless her days.

Her walls are built to stand,
A bulwark in our land
 This gracious hour;
Her halls beam forth a light,
Which makes life's pathway bright,
Up-lifting to our sight,
 A glorious power.

Live! Live! thru victory,
 And triumph glo-rious-ly,
 By deeds of love;
 Burn! burn! each pulsing heart,
 With sweetest joys impart,
 Life to her queenly art,
 Like that above.

Oh, let the Muses sing
 And loud the welkin ring,
 Mater Alma;
 Like calla lillies be
 Pure, bright, per-enn'-al-ly,
 A joy, 'neath skies starry.
 Victoria.

GOD THE SUPREME POWER.

Being a transformation of the thoughts of a sermon in verse preached by Rev. Dr. C. O. McCullough, on Psalms 144:15. "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord," while pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Normal, Ill.

How great thou mak'st man's possession
 Thou God of truth and majesty.
 The worlds were framed at thy command
 And moulded into form and beauty.

Thou art the ruler of thy realm,
 None can with show, dispute thy sway.
 Thou rul'st the armies of the sky,
 And all who dwell on earth today.

Thou art supreme above, below,
 The horizon of our vision
 The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
 The earth is man's rich possession.

Thy kingdom is thy wide domain,
Over all the worlds forever,
Angels and men thy workmanship,
Alike to thee; live forever.

Rich, bountiful gifts from God's hand,
Are freely scattered far and wide,
They show the heart behind the gifts
In man he chooses to reside.

Will God indeed dwell on the earth?
Was asked thousands of years ago,
The prophesy is now fulfilled,
The body is God's temple, lo!

Thy Maker, Ruler, Giver, All
Stoops low before his burdened ones,
Bears his back, lo, receives the load,
Makes free, indeed, his choosen sons.

No greater question can you ask,
Is your face turned toward the king?
Thy Creator, Ben'factor, Lord,
Oh, join the hosts, loud praises sing.

Dwell no longer in the valley,
Scale the mountain top of vision;
"Lift Me Higher," so child-like pray.
Arise, survey thy possession.

YES, WE CAN KNOW.

Oh, do you ask "If we could know
The heart of him we think our foe,
For love and pity we can show,"

Yes, we can know:

The wisdom of his choice in life,
"His good resolves, his inward strife,"
Oh, how blessed our hearts will grow
Because we know:

Yes, we can know "that when we pray
God hears and heeds each word we say,
And pities us and loves us so,"

Yes, we can know:

O, what sweet peace "the heart does feel,"
What conscious "rest does o'er us steal,"
"What loving words from hearts do flow,"

Because we know:

Yes, we can know "while on life's way
With loved ones walking day by day,"
We are His own who loved us so,

Yes, we can know:

Why loving hands "pillow'd that dear head,
Holy promise with joy is said,
How sweet the smile, how soft the tone,"

Because we know.

Yes, we can know and trust each day
"That loved ones who have gone away"
Still love, and on us care bestow,

Yes, we can know.

That they who loved us to the end
Faithful messengers heaven will send
To smoothe our journey as we go

Yes, we can know.

Tiskilwa, December, 1888.

D. A. PERRIN.

Children's Corner

JOY WHEN A CHILD IS BORN.

There is joy when a child is born
Be it at eve, or noon, or morn,
For a dear life from heav'n is come
And fills with glee and song thy home.

There is hope when a child is born
That the loved one will not be torn
By ruthless hands from mother's breast,
Nor give her sorrow, or unrest.

There is peace when a child is born,
Like the *calm* of a rosy morn,
In the warm hearts of parents dear,
As he chuckles, cooes and smiles near.

There is play and prattle and song
As they journey *thro' life* along,
When a dear child is born today
And glad they trav'l on, o'er the way.

There is love when a child is born,
Tho' the world be cold and forlorn,
Unites them as the heart of one,
Father, Mother, and child their own.

God be praised when a child is born,
Who gives him life and joy with morn,
O may we take the gift, so free—
And delicate his powers to Thee.

EARLY CROWNED.

Not lost but rocked to sleep,
The Shepard's arms unseen,
In love's soft bosom's deep,
The vail is now between,

Not lost but early crowned
In heaven among the blest;
There brightest ones are found
And everlasting rest.

Ah wherefore should I weep
Or wish her back again,
Since in love's bosom's deep
She rests: "to die is gain."

WEEP NOT THAT HE IS GONE.

Verses written on the death of baby Vernon Le-Roy Kaufman, who died in Gardner, January 27, 1893, by Rev. D. A. Perrin:

Weep not that he is gone,
His days all numbered are;
We shall go one by one,
Where all is bright and fair.

The Shepherd call'd him, lo,
Within his arms to lie;
Safe on his bosom now,
He can, oh, never die.

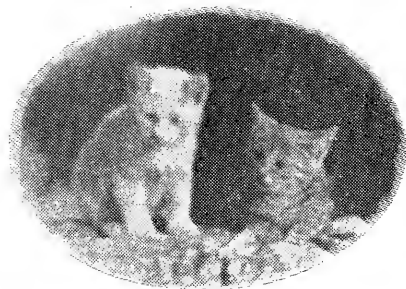
What bliss awaits him there!
What pure thoughts fill his breast,
Free from all pain, and care
In Heaven, at Home, at Rest.

TWO LITTLE KITTIES.

O, dearie, let me tell you a story
Of two little kitties I found today,
Closely hidden in a corner away,
By their cunning little mother-kitty.

Down in the cellar she had spied a box,
Just so suited to her instinct's fancy;
There she hid her two little pets, truly,
Safe from the clutches of a wily fox.

Do you wonder she kept them out of sight,
For they were both pretty as a picture,
One was the color of a mouse by nature,
But the other pet was perfectly white.



Look at the picture and see the kitties
A mouse-color'd and a white together,
Not far from their little kitty mother
Four little white feet, four color'd feeties.

Neither of the pets could first see the light:
For they were not yet old enough to see,
How happy will both of these little pets be,
When they shall open their eyes and be bright!

Two little kitties with two little eyes
Two little kitties with four little feet
Do you not think they are perfectly sweet?
So mouths mother kitty and down she lies.

NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

The church bell had rung out the sweet notes of welcome to all on a Christmas Eve, and there were soon gathered within the sanctuary a crowd of anxious people and children who were on tip-toe to behold, and receive some gift from Santa Claus.

There were the rich who from their stores had burdened the Christmas tree with handsome presents for rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed children, and who curious to know had come to witness their happiness.

There were the industrious, economical and frugal who had made some efforts to bestow on others sweet tokens of affection, and so brighten the days as they come and go.

But among those who crowded the seats and the aisles were the deserving poor.

The pastor had preached on a Sunday morning from the text: "Blessed is he who considers the poor," and he told the people that God had given them a heritage in the poor to care for them. That God loved them, and that they should love them too with kindly greetings and gifts. When, therefore, the poor of his flock looked upon the tree so heavily laden with good things, they had reason to believe that the preacher's words were not spoken in vain, and they clung to the hope that generous tokens should fall into their lap.

Nor were they to be disappointed, for Santa Claus remembered them all when he made his bow and distributed the gifts to the old and young—repeating the very words of the preacher: "Blessed is he who considereth the poor." And all were so glad on that Christmas Eve, for not one was forgotten. For they all went home—the rich and the poor—singing merrily the Christmas Hymn, "Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Men."

Some carried baskets filled to the brim, some hugged treasures never to be forgotten, girls had dolls, boys had drums, beating away—all bore tokens of love and rejoicing.

And on the Christmas morn, when they awoke and thought of the gifts which Santa Claus brought, all

were so glad—the rich and the poor, for the good tidings of great joy.

“For unto you this day is born in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ, the Lord.”

Tiskilwa, Ill., December 25, 1888.

D. A. PERRIN.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Merrily, merrily, chimed the bells,
Sweeter the notes of welcome came
From o’er the hills and thro’ the dells
Into the homes around the fane.

Glad Christmas Eve rejoiced with song,
The bells in the church kept chimning all,
Louder the notes did they prolong
Bidding the poor to heed the call.

The rich and poor—came one, came all
Up the steps to the tree so fair,
Eager to hear the first faint call
Wondering if Santa was there.

For Santa Claus from far away,
Laden with gifts, both rich and gay,
Had come with presents to display,
To one, to all he had his say:—

“My little children, quaint, and fair,
So good, so kind, to all so dear,
I bring you presents, rich and rare,
Take them, and never, never fear.

Learn to be good, learn to do right;
Live on the true, beautiful bread;
Live to be good; live in His sight,
God loveth his children, they’ll be fed.”

I hope to meet you ’year from tonight;
Be kind to the poor, struggling to dwell;
Happy are they who walk in the light,
Blessing the poor, loving them well.

Then the children to Santa did say:—
Happy are we with gifts so bright,
We'll be good and true ev'ry day,
Kind to the poor, doing the right.

Good night, good night, responded they all
As Santa withdrew from their sight;
We hope to meet you at your call,
One year tonight; one year tonight.

Then all went home and bright with cheer,
Merrily singing the Christmas hymn:—
"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth be peace, good will to men."

Some bore baskets full to the brim,
Some bright jewels from loving friends,
Children with gifts they sought to win
All had tokens of love He sends.

Merrily, merrily chimed the bells,
Sweeter the notes sounded from heaven;
Tidings, good tidings, Christmas bells,
Jesus is born in Bethlehem.

D. A. PERRIN.

"A CHRISTMAS GREETING."

(*Selected.*)

Again we have the Christmas time, the merry bells will
ring,
And naught but joy and gladness to every heart should
bring.
Again we go back in fancy, to a Christmas in long ago;
Where a star there shown in Bethlehem, that gleamed with
a Heavenly glow.

And lo, the Infant holy, there in the manger lies,
See, the shepherds lowly, gaze with rev'rent eyes;
See, the Mother Mary, she so meek and mild,
Gazing with great joy and gladness upon Her Heavenly
Child.

And so, on each Christmas morning the Christ child is
born again;
To fill with joy and gladness, the hearts so used to pain,
Years have passed, but the same sweet message rings out on
the crisp air still;
A Christ child was born this morn—joy on earth, peace to
men of good will.

May Christmas morn dawn brightly on you and those you
love;
May blessings fair and cloudless be sent you from above.
May there be not a tinge of sadness as you sit round the
Christmas tree;
May it bring naught but joy and gladness is the Christmas
wish from me.

RICHARD J. RAYCRAFT.

Kerrick, Illinois, December 22, 1910.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

'Twas on a bleak and wintry day,
A gentle knock came to the door,
The snow was falling on the way,
The winds were whistling 'round the poor.

Oh, who so early can it be,
Would venture forth amid the snows,
On that bleak, cold, December day?
Oh, it must be some one that knows.

Knows of the need there was within,
From those who had plenty to spare,
For food was scarce, and clothes were thin,
Will not God's rich, with the poor share?

So thought the Parson and his wife,
As Christmas drew on and near,
Who shall supply the need of life,
Cheer their hearts, and drive 'way their fear?

They did not know how this would be,
Their Christmas always had been with cheer,
But now Annie's faith could not see,
Thro' the snows and blows of the year.

The Parson tried to comfort his wife,
And said, my dear, the promise is here:—
Nor has it ever been broken in life,
"What'e'er two or three shall agree."

But two, the Parson and his wife,
The promise was good to two, or three,
The Lord knew what was true in life,
Not less than two but often three,

So the Parson cheered his wife,
As twain they talked and twain rejoiced,
And betwixt them there was no strife,
For both by faith the promise voiced.

God sent his angel to the door,
On that cold, bleak December day,
Thro' the snows she came, to bless the poor,
And cheer them both on Christmas day.

On her arm a basket carried,
Full of the best things from her home,
As good as when she was married,
And had received the welcome come.

When she entered the humble home,
And was seated and blessed and warm,
She told them how in love she come,
With all these things, from her own farm.

For golden butter from cream she made,
And fat'st chickens from grain she raised,
All these gifts were gratefully made,
To the Parson and his wife who praised.

In both their eyes welled tears of joy,
For what they saw, for what they felt,
The Lord did his angel employ,
To cheer their Christmas as they knelt.

But back of these timely blessings,
Was the Angel's* love she bore her son,
Who suffered with his afflictions,
For whom the Parson prayed thro' the Son.

Nor were his prayers and counsels vain,
He lived to love and pray the same,
He trust'd in the Savior slain,
And rejoiced in his holy name.

But death came on in His employ,
And God called him home to Heaven,
There was among the angels joy,
That life beyond to him was given.

Hastings, Ont.

*The Angel was a Scotch lady from the Highlands of Scotland.

THE MOTHER'S PARTING WORD.

"Be good, my boy," the mother sighed,
As she pressed close her lips to his,
"I will," the faithful son replied,
"I will," nor do or dare amiss.

O, noble youth, who seeks a prize,
A brighter day shall dawn on thee,
As step by step thro' trial rise,
Obedient to the laws that be.

In this vain world of noise and show
Sore temptations will thee assail,
Give heed to mother's words, and know,
That firm "I will" shall thee avail.

"I will," shall conquer all thy foes,
While battling on life's troubled sea;
Thus struggle on 'Mid all thy woes
And thou shalt have the victory.

Dear mothers of our favor'd land,
Who teach thy children wisdom's ways
With gratitude shall kiss thy hand,
Which guided them in youthful days.

D. A. PERRIN.

COURAGE.

(Selected.)

The world is bright to all who dare,
The world is sweet to all who do,
There comes an answer to the prayer
Of all who to themselves are true.

The hill that in the distance glooms,
On near approach to smile is found;
Its verdure and its sweet perfumes
Are balm to ev'ry bleeding wound.

The mine is barred to indolence,
The dewy pearl hides in the sea
The "golden fleece" is found far hence
Beyond the Alps lies Italy.

No good e'er comes to idle dreams,
To wish is but to wish in vain;
The polished shaft of marble gleams
Not for the stranger unto pain.

All things of honest worth are bought
By toil and patience, faith and love,
Each step in life's great ladder wrought
By which the soul may mount above.

Oh could I speak one word of cheer
To those who languish in the strife,
Oh could I wipe away the tear
And let them see their crown of life.

Press with courage, true and bold,
Press on with pulses beating high,
The morning breaks her bars of gold
The sun in splendor mounts the sky.

G. W. CROBTS.

The Author's Corner

THE POET'S MUSINGS.

(On His Sixty-seventh Birthday.)

Two days are on the calendar
Of life to all, great and small,
My first would puzzle to remember,
My second is common to all.

My first, it was my natal day,
On which the sun arose with grace,
The second is the debt I'll pay
To nature when I've run my race.

The old-time clock strikes eleven
On this, my anniversary,
And I am now Sixty-seven,
Thanks to Him who dealt so gently.

I'll watch the hour upon the dial
Which chronicles my future years,
I'll keep my eyes upon the goal,
And give no place to anxious fears.

The remainder of my journey
So long I'm from friends and home,
I'll love to spend in Charity,
'Till I shall hear the welcome "Come."

Normal, Ill., March 21, 1907.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Written on the eve of his seventy-first birthday.

Ring out the old,
Bring in the new;
The sto-ry's told
The end's in view.

Life is worth all
Who use it well;
What e'er be-fall
With courage tell.

Good-bye all fears,
And all sad tears;
Welcome new Year,
For all endear.

Let there be peace
Thro' coming years;
Bid failings cease,
Nurse not past fears.

Begin a new,
Build not on Past;
Days are but few,
Nor shall they last.

Ring out the old
Bring in the new;
Thirst not for gold,
Trust God, anew.

Normal, Ill., March 20, 1910.

THE OLD LOG CABIN WHERE I WAS BORN.

Now that the days are passing
 swift,
I love to keep my thoughts a
 drift
Of the old log cabin where I was
 born.
On that beautiful, bright spring
 morn.

'Twas there my eyes first saw the
 light,
That gave me a birth-right to
 sight,
These eyes first saw my mother's
 smile,
As I gazed on her face a
 while.

On I saw a blazing fire-
 place,
With tongues a crackling in my
 face,
All looked to me so passing
 strange,
Pots, kettles, arms, without a
 a range,

Now swarthy faces soon ap-
 pear,
And without a tremor drew
 near,
To behold the new-born, white-
 child,
And the Indian's joy ran
 wild.

I held a council with my
 brain,
What meant the logs, drawn by a
 train

And the windows, bright with sun-
shine,
And the doors, e'en true to the
line.

To me, the place, the scenes were
new,
I saw them daily in re-
view,
But these were naught, nay, half so
dear,
As mother's smile as she came near.

On the low green mound b'side the
brink
Of the clear, flowing brook, and
rink,
B'fore me I see the old log cab-
'n,
That long ago I was born
in.

The old log cab'n, the dear log
cab'n
Still dear where we bairns were
born,
Can I forget it, no,
never,
Nor the sweet face of my
mother.

Normal, Illinois, March 1, 1909.

THE MEETIN' HOUSE.

In the old church yard in the days gon by
B'side the village green where was sung^d the lullaby,
Stood the old-timed, old fashion meeting-house,
Close to the high-way, on yon knoll where fairies
c'rouse.

On week-day seldom the bell chim'd forth the call
To the busy throng bent on what should come to all,
But on the first day rang out "Give praise to God,"
When the pious folk gave heed with rev'rent nod.

Full many came in groups, and in single file,
In buggies, wagons, sleighs, carts, some walk'd a mile;
They were good old fashion'd people, of plain dress,
They lived in peace, for wrongs they sought no redress.

Within the meetin' house supreme order reign'd,
The fair sex sat by themselves, the men obtain'd
Places opposite, while children fill'd in between,
Nothing was surer than good will and nothing mean.

The pastor was an example to his flock,
His ev'ry mien was pious, his coat a frock;
His necktie was white in keeping with his life,
And between him and his flock there was no strife.

His preaching received attention by the truth he
voiced,

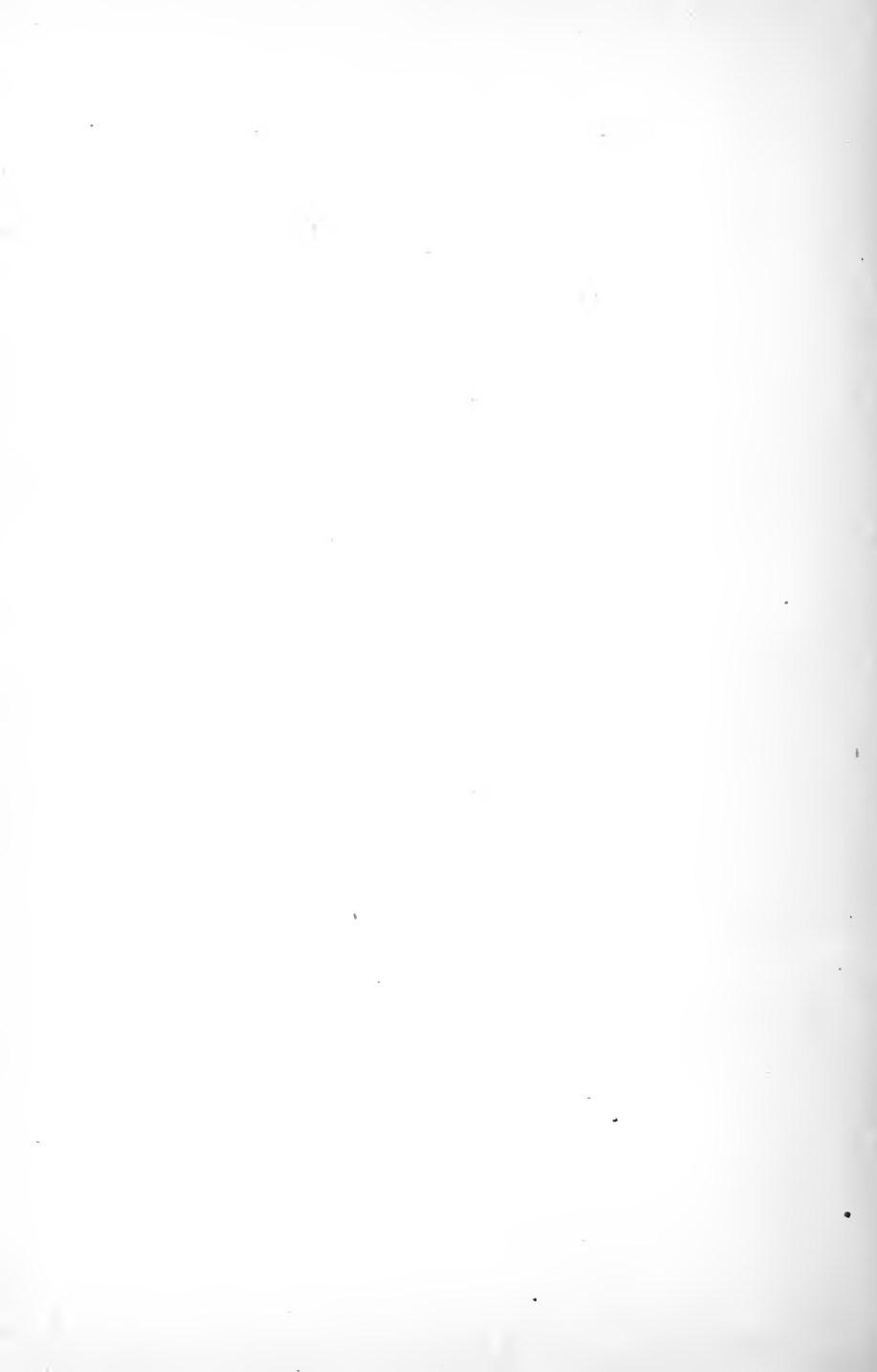
Even children hung on his lips and rejoiced;
His exhortations fired his soul with fervor,
And his tears drew like tears from one another.
The Bible was all to him and his text-book,
He read, expounded, and applied with earn'st look;
The doctrines of heav'n and hell he preach'd with
fervor,

Nor saints, nor sinners were ever pass'd over.

There was singing that rang out upon the air,
No precentor, nor choir, but voices clear and fair,
And when the doxology was sung by all,
'Twas like from many voices a clarion call.

D. A. PERRIN.

Normal, Ill., March 3, 1909.



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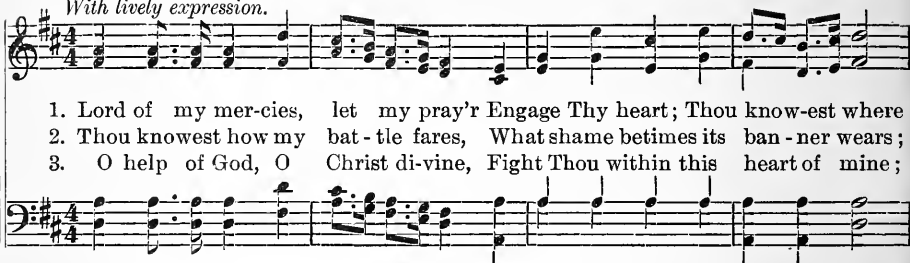
A WALL PRAYER HERE.

"Help me, O Lord, my God."—Ps. 109: 26.

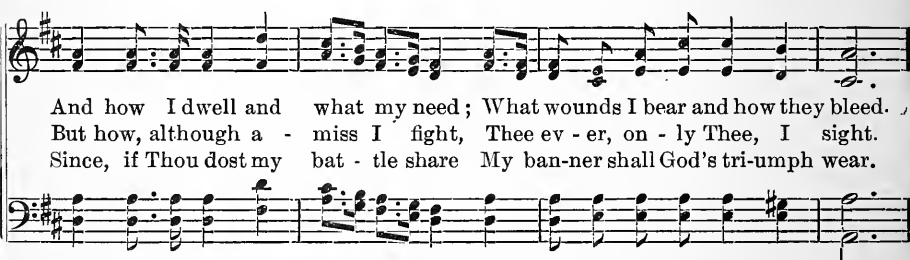
Bishop William A. Quayle.

Rev. Dr. D. A. Perrin.

With lively expression.



1. Lord of my mer-cies, let my pray'r Engage Thy heart; Thou know-est where
 2. Thou knowest how my bat-tle fares, What shame betimes its ban-ner wears;
 3. O help of God, O Christ di-vine, Fight Thou within this heart of mine;

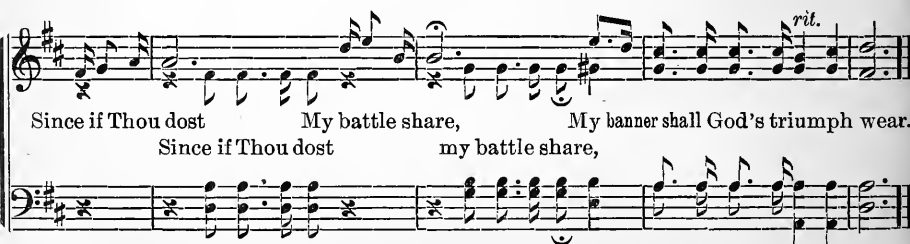


And how I dwell and what my need; What wounds I bear and how they bleed.
 But how, although a - miss I fight, Thee ev - er, on - ly Thee, I sight.
 Since, if Thou dost my bat - tle share My ban-ner shall God's tri-umph wear.

CHORUS.



O help of God, O Christ divine, Fight Thou within this heart of mine;
 O help of God, O Christ divine,



Since if Thou dost My battle share, My banner shall God's triumph wear.
 Since if Thou dost my battle share,

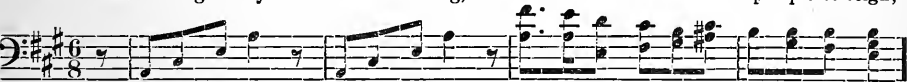
KING OF ALL KINGS.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, D. D.

J. D. Beal. Arr. by D. A. Perrin.



1. The King of all kings, Je - ho - vah, art Thou, Rul - ing in right-eous-ness, reign-ing in love;
2. Thy words have gone forth mild laws to o-bey, Bless-ing the na-tion en - cir-cled with light;
3. From out of Thy mouth pro-ceeds the sharp sword, All Thy en - e-mies com-plete-ly sub-due;
4. Thy king-dom o'er all Thou'lt right-ly main-tain, While of Thy maj-es - ty foes stand in awe;
5. Blest are the peo-ple who wor - ship and sing Prais-es to Je-sus our Sav - iour and King;
6. All hail the glad day of Je - sus our King, A - noint-ed a Prince o'er peo-ple to reign;



To Thee, sovereign Lord, our souls do we bow, ♪ Wor-ship-ing, hon-or-ing, praising a-bove.
 ♪ Hap - py the peo-ple that un-der Thy sway, Thy glo-ries be-hold, Thy stat-utes de-light.
 Who'll dare to op-pose the pow - er of Thy word, Or whol-ly re - sist the spir - it of truth.
 Thy name Thou'lt in-scribe in let-ters so plain, "The King of all kings thro' e - ter-ni - ty."
 His scept-er of truth shall right-eous-ness bring, And nations shall own His right to be king.
 Of thy pow-er to rule the whole earth shall sing, And "peace, good will to men" the sweet refrain.



CHORUS.



All hail the glad day, All hail the glad day, the glad day of Je - sus our King, Jesus our King;



Sing of his glo - ry and crown Him with love who reigneth the King of all kings.



LEAD THOU ME ON.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, A. M.

10S. 4S. 10S. 4S. 10S. 10S.

Rev. T. H. Smithers.

1. O Thou, my Guide, my Light, my Joy, my Way, Lead Thou me on;
 2. I see the dis - tant hills mol - ten with gold From out the night;
 3. So shall it ev - er be with those who pray; Lead Thou me on;

The way is dark as night be - fore the day, Lead Thou me on;
 The star of hope a - ris - es as of old With gold - en light;
 The night of fear and death shall pass a - way, As we pray on;

The life ebbs out, and I am far from home,
 The dawn comes on and with the glo - rious day,
 Nor death, nor life shall part us from the way

The shad - ows length - en round me while I roam.
 The night dis - man - tled by the heav'n - ly ray.
 That leads to home and the e - ter - nal day.

MOTHER'S DAY SONG.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, A. M.

Rev. T. H. Smithers.

1. O moth-er dear, can I for - get Thy pleasing ways and pure white hands
 2. Home of my child-hood and my dreams, My feet were taught by thee to walk
 3. The songs of child-hood, sweet and home Thrill with the ca-den-cies of love,
 4. God bless to all the moth-er's day, Throughout this great broad land of ours

Up-on my head a bless-ing met, As days and years crown fair-y lands,
 In all the paths that love re-deems, From sor-row's tears in thy blest talk,
 All hearts there sing them and they come, To the blest fount of joy a - bove,
 We ga - ther here to praise and pray For heav'nly bless - ings and for pow'rs,

Be-neath thy brow a smil-ing face Ra-di-ant with the light a - bove,
 Thy mem-o - ries to - day are sweet As we with flow-ers wreath thy mound,
 O moth-er dear can I for - get The days we spent and long since gone,
 O wear to moth - er's mem-o - ry The flow - er white of pu - ri - ty,

And thy bright eyes laugh-ing with grace Did speak to me of thy fond love.
 And kin-dred spir - its here do meet A-round the throne of God we're found.
 A-round the hearth-stone where we met At close of day with glee and song.
 And wear to moth - ers on du - ty The bright flow-er of char - i - ty.

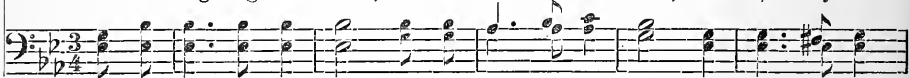
SONG OF THAT BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

Rev. D. A. Perrin.

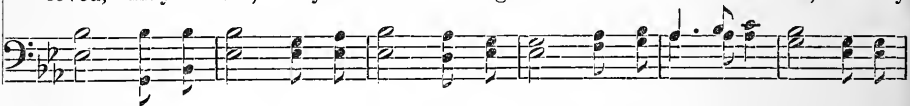
Philip Phillips. By per.



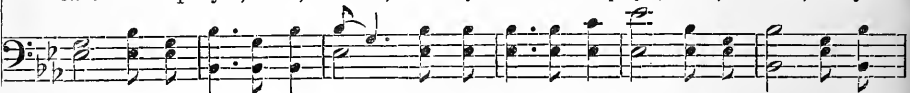
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful pray'r, The suf-fer-ing
 2. Je-sus, Sav-iour, I come to Thy out-stretch-ed arms, A ref-uge for
 3. Precious Sav-iour, I've sinned man-y days a-against right, And I am not
 4. I am long-ing for home, in the realms of the blest; Friends, dearly be-



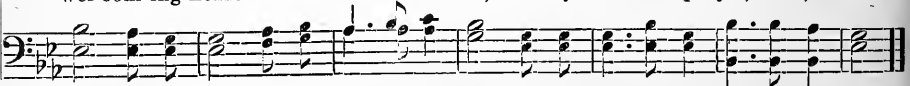
pray'd, Lord, to Thee; For they cherished the hope of a penitent's care, That the
 all, and for me; There is hope but in Thee from the sin that alarms, While my
 wor- thy of Thee; But I come in Thy mer-cy, and plead for the light Of for-
 loved, may I see; They are wel-com-ing home to the beau-ti-ful rest, While my



Lord would now hear the soul's plea, That the Lord would now hear the soul's plea, For they
 soul waits on Thee, Lord, on Thee, While my soul waits on Thee, Lord, on Thee, There is
 give-ness in Thee, Lord, in Thee, Of for-give-ness in Thee, Lord, in Thee, But I
 heart lifts the pray'r, Lord, to Thee, While my heart lifts the pray'r, Lord, to Thee, They are



cherished the hope of a pen-i-tent's care, That the Lord would now hear the soul's plea.
 hope but in Thee from the sin that a-larms, While my soul waits on Thee, Lord, on Thee.
 come in Thy mer-cy and plead for the light Of for-give-ness in Thee, Lord, in Thee.
 wel-com-ing home to the beau-ti-ful rest, While my heart lifts the pray'r, Lord, to Thee.



CLOSER, SAVIOUR, TO THEE.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, D. D.

Lowell Mason.



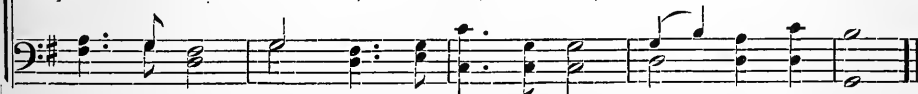
1. Clos - er, Sav-iour, to Thee, Clos - er to Thee! Thou art my Joy, my Way,
 2. Out of the depths I cry, Sav - iour, to Thee; On Thee a - lone re - ly,
 3. In fierce temp-ta-tion's pow'r I'll look to Thee; Thy voice from heav'n I'll hear,
 4. So long my life shall be I'll live for Thee; Or if my sun goes down



Who lead - eth me; This all my pray'r shall be, Clos - er, Sav -
 Who lov - ed me; Thy blood is all my plea, Thy grace a -
 Come un - to Me; So by my tri - als be Clos - er, Sav -
 I'll rise with Thee; Then in e - ter - ni - ty My soul's ex -



iour, to Thee, Clos - er, Sav-iour, to Thee, Clos - er to Thee!
 bounds for me, Clos - er, Sav-iour, to Thee, Clos - er to Thee!
 iour, to Thee, Clos - er, Sav-iour, to Thee, Clos - er to Thee!
 pan - sion be Clos - er, Sav-iour, to Thee, Clos - er to Thee!



No. 7

THE ALCHEMY WHICH TURNS ALL INTO GOLD.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, D. D.

Unknown.



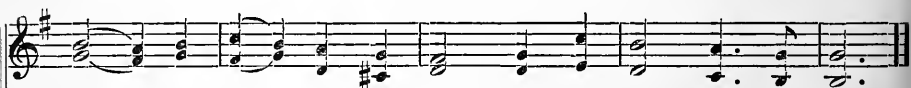
1. The thread in the warp wov - en by the shut - tle May be clear - ly
2. The hue of the thread in the warp that is wov'n Is same as that
3. O thou, who art in - fi - nite, e - ter - nal Spirit, If a worm of



seen in the gar - ment that's worn; The thought in the heart breathed by
in the gar - ment when 'tis old; The love in the heart wrought by
the dust may come to Thy throne, O clothe with a gar - ment a



the lov - ing Spir - it May so cer - tain - ly in the life be as
the Spir - it giv'n Is the al - che - my which turns all in - to
thread of life in it, O in breathe Thy love which turns all in - to



known, May so cer - tain - ly in the life be as known.
gold, Is the al - che - my which turns all in - to gold.
gold, O in breath Thy love which turns all in - to gold.



THE SOUL'S MORNING.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."—Ps. 97: 71. "At evening time it shall be light."—ZECH. 14: 17. "There shall be no night there."—REV. 22: 5.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, A. M.

Rev. F. H. Smithers.

Tempo di marcia m m. ♩ = 120.

1. The morning dawns, my soul is free, The world has lost its charms for me;
2. The night of sin has passed a - way, The morning dawns e - ter - nal day;
3. The heav - ens new now o'er me shine With brightness of thy Lord and mine;
4. The bless - ed sun-shine of God's love Now fills my soul with light a - bove;

The light bursts forth up - on my soul, New joys a - cross my spir - it roll.
No clouds of wrath my vi - sions dim, All now is light and joy with - in.
The sun of day his rays im - part, And cheers and warms my lov - ing heart.
Gives life to all my ransomed pow'rs, And con - se - crates to him my hours.

CHORUS. *Cheerfully.*

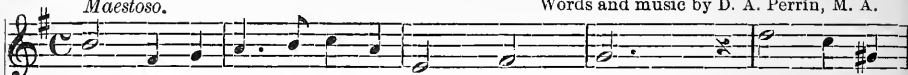
Bless morn that saw my Lord a - rise With - in my soul a sac - ri - fice;

Brought peace, and joy, and life, and light, A ransomed soul with - out a night.

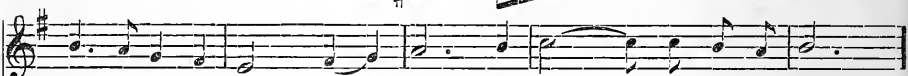
JESUS, MY LORD, MY LOVE.

Maestoso.

Words and music by D. A. Perrin, M. A.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, my Love, Thou diedst for me, O may I
 2. Watching thro' life, by pray'r Give ho - ly seal, Let ev - 'ry
 3. Preserved 'gainst ev - 'ry loss, Je - sus, my tow'r, I glo - ry
 4. Liv - ing by faith in Thee, In death or life A pæan of



grateful prove, Believe on Thee, The cross, the throne are Thine,
 work and care True love re - veal, Thy will, not mine, be done,
 in Thy cross In this glad hour; As Thou o'er-cam'st for me,
 vic - to - ry Crown ho - ly strife; Be mine to bear a part



The peace, the joy be mine, And blessings all divine Reserved for me.
 O make me all Thine own, By grace, or tri-al won De - vo - tion seal.
 O may my faith in Thee Strong and triumphant be, A gracious pow'r.
 In ev - 'ry work of heart, Gladly to all impart The way of life.



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Published by The Geo. Jaberg Music Co. in sheet music.

JESUS, MY LORD, MY LOVE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

While sweet - ly trust - ing Thee Di - rect my way, Near - er Thy

self to be Each clos - ing day; Through sor - row or thro' joy


Thy praise be life's employ, Far - ther from earth's al - loy, Near'r Thee al - way.

THANKSGIVING DAY SONG.


O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.


Rev. H. A. C. Malen.



1. O give thanks un - to the Lord, On this glad Thanks -
 2. O give thanks for length of days, For life, health, and
 3. All His ben - e - fits pro - claim, With the heart and
 4. O give thanks for our fair land, Church - es, schools and
 5. We give thanks un - to the Lord, On this glad Thanks -



giv - ing Day; Serve ac - cord - ing to His word, Shout His
 wealth of joy, The blest know - ledge of His ways, Pow'rs of
 soul and voice, Peace at home with glad ac - claim, In pros -
 col - leg - es; Chil - dren, youth and teach - ers stand, Make for
 giv - ing Day; Lift our voice with one ac - cord, Sound His



prais - es and o - bey, Shout His prais - es and o - bey.
 mind for His em - ploy, Powers of mind for His em - ploy.
 per - i - ty re - joice, In pros - per - i - ty re - joice.
 God and Right - eous - ness, Make for God and Right - eous - ness.
 prais - es full al - way, Sound His prais - es full al - way.

LET THE LIGHT COME IN.

Rev. Dr. D. A. Perrin.

Rev. T. H. Smithers.



1. Let light come in - to thy heart And blest the en-trance will be,
 2. Sor - rows shall then have an end, And fears and troubles shall cease;
 3. To - kens of love will be seen, The joy of peace then be known;
 4. Walk in the light of His love, Sweet will thy fel-low-ship be,



Dark-ness will then all de - part, And thou shalt ev - er be free.
 Je - sus the Lord be thy Friend And all with-in shall be peace.
 Je - sus thy soul will re - deem And make thee sure-ly His own.
 Je - sus will crown thee a - bove With joy, and glo - ri - fy thee.



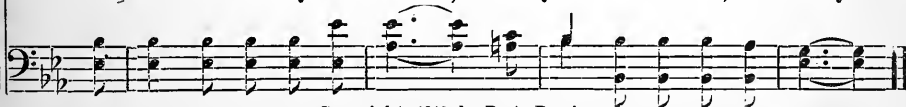
CHORUS.



Let light come in - to thy soul And night shall turn in - to day;

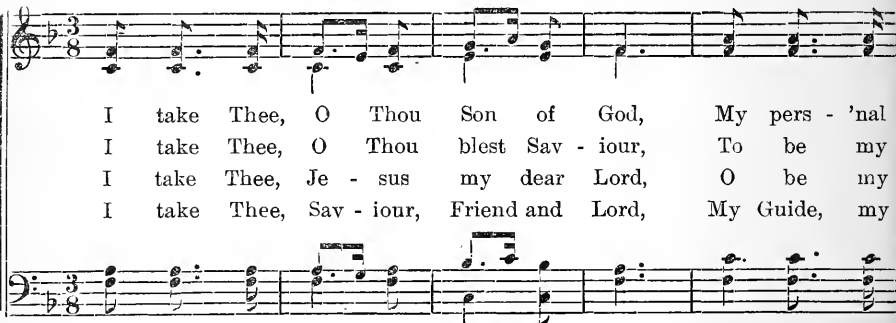


Thou wilt be ev - 'ry whit whole, Re-joice in Je - sus, the Way.




I TAKE THEE, O THOU SON OF GOD.

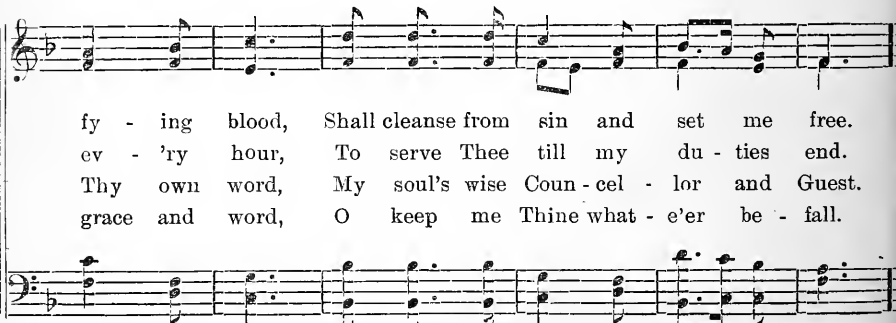
Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.

Peter Ritter.
Arranged by D. A. P.


I take Thee, O Thou Son of God, My pers - 'nal
I take Thee, O Thou blest Sav - iour, To be my
I take Thee, Je - sus my dear Lord, O be my
I take Thee, Sav - iour, Friend and Lord, My Guide, my



Sav - iour thine to be, Trust Thee, Thy pur - i -
best and dear - est Friend, Through all my days and
soul's sweet bid - ing rest, To dwell with - in by
Joy, my Hope, my All, O teach me of Thy

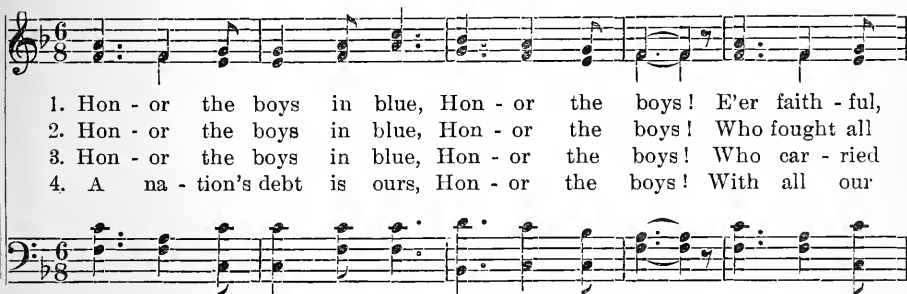


fy - ing blood, Shall cleanse from sin and set me free.
ev - 'ry hour, To serve Thee till my du - ties end.
Thy own word, My soul's wise Coun - cel - lor and Guest.
grace and word, O keep me Thine what - e'er be - fall.

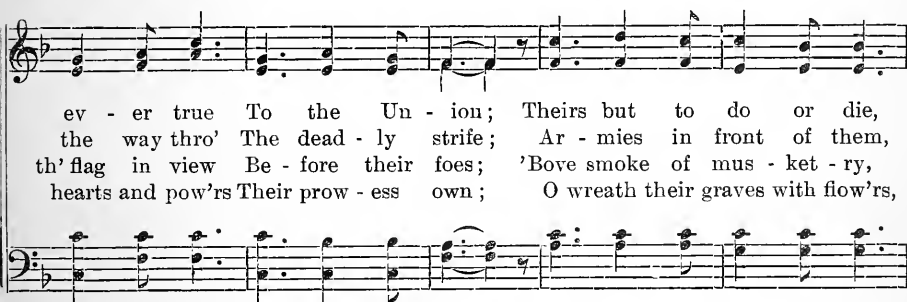
DECORATION DAY SONG.

HONOR THE BOYS IN BLUE.

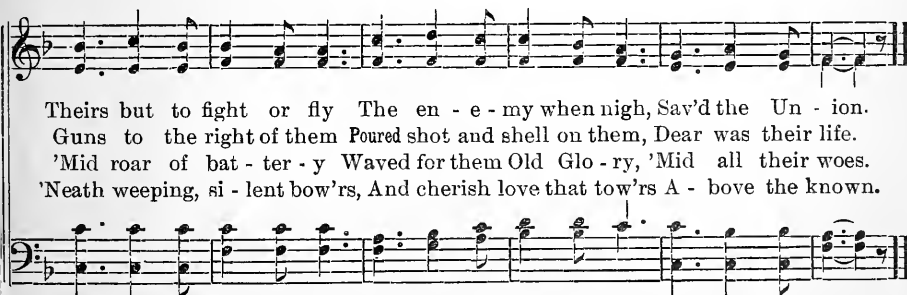
Words and music by the Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.



1. Hon - or the boys in blue, Hon - or the boys! E'er faith - ful,
 2. Hon - or the boys in blue, Hon - or the boys! Who fought all
 3. Hon - or the boys in blue, Hon - or the boys! Who car - ried
 4. A na - tion's debt is ours, Hon - or the boys! With all our



ev - er true To the Un - ion; Theirs but to do or die,
 the way thro' The dead - ly strife; Ar - mies in front of them,
 th' flag in view Be - fore their foes; 'Bove smoke of mus - ket - ry,
 hearts and pow'rs Their prow - ess own; O wreath their graves with flow'rs,



Theirs but to fight or fly The en - e - my when nigh, Sav'd the Un - ion.
 Guns to the right of them Poured shot and shell on them, Dear was their life.
 'Mid roar of bat - ter - y Waved for them Old Glo - ry, 'Mid all their woes.
 'Neath weeping, si - lent bow'rs, And cherish love that tow'rs A - bove the known.


LOOK UP, LOOK UP TO JESUS.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, D. D.

John Hyatt Brewer.

Con brio.

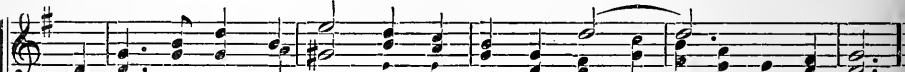

1. Look up, look up to Je - sus, Each day of life be - gun,
 2. Lift up, lift up to Je - sus, Each oth - er's help - er's be,
 3. Look up, look up to Je - sus, And in His foot - steps tread,



He will with joy re - ceive us Who seek the race to run;
 His pres - ence shall go with us, And give us vic - to - ry;
 Pur - sue the bright ex - am - ple, By His great Spir - it led;



His glo - ry be our mot - to, Sal - va - tion be our aim,
 Let acts of love and mer - cy Em - ploy our ev - 'ry hour,
 Lift up, lift up the fall - en, And gath - er in the youth,



Look up to Him for wis - dom, Ye shall not seek (ye shall not seek) in vain.
 Look up, look up to Je - sus, Who saves us by (who saves us by) His pow'r.
 By Christ our Lord for - giv - en, Re - joic - ing in (re - joic - ing in) the truth.

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

"LOOK UP, LIFT UP."

Rev. D. A. PERRIN.

Rev. SAMUEL ALMAN.

1. Look up, look up to Je - sus, Each day of life be - gun, He will with joy re -

ceive us Who seek the race to run, His glo - ry be our mot - to, Sal - va - tion be our

aim, Look up to Him for wis - dom. Ye shall not seek in vain Look up, look up to

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Each others' helpers be, Lift up, lift up to Je - sus, Ye shall His glory see

2 Lift up, lift up to Jesus,
Each others' helpers be,
His presence shall go with us,
And give us victory;
Let every work of mercy
Employ our every hour,
Lift up, lift up to Jesus,
And save from Satan's power.

3 Look up, look up to Jesus,
And in His footsteps tread,
Pursue the bright example,
By His great spirit led;

Lift up, lift up the fallen,
And gather in the youth,
By Christ our Lord forgiven,
Rejoicing in the truth.


4 Look up, look up to Jesus,
The pledge within the heart,
Lift up, lift up to Jesus,
All who from sin depart,
Sing of our noble mottoes,
"Look up" "Lift up" for aye,
"Look up" by faith to Jesus,
"Lift up each other, yea.

JESUS, SHEPHERD OF THE LAMBS.


"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."—ISA. 40: 11.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.

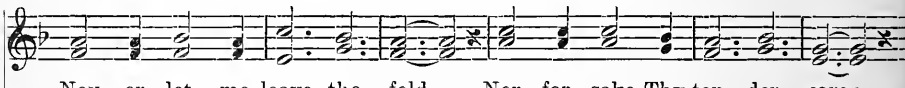
D. A. Perrin.




1. Je - sus, see a lit - tle child Fold - ed in Thy arms to rest,
 2. Safe with-in Thy bos - om, I Rest my faith up - on Thy love,
 3. Je - sus, Shepherd of the lambs, Gath - ers them in - to His arms;



What to Thee so meek and mild, As the lamb up - on Thy breast;
 Keep, O keep me ev - er nigh, Till I reach my home a - bove;
 Calls them all His pre - cious lambs, Saves them from a thou - sand harms;



Nev - er let me leave the fold, Nor for - sake Thy ten - der care;
 In the roy - al path of life, Fol - low Thee, my Shep - herd, Guide,
 O what joy the Shep - herd gives, As He calls His own by name,



All my wants to Thee be told In a sim - ple, child - like pray'r.
 Turn a - way from sin and strife, Love and serve Thee and con - fide.
 For their sakes He glad - ly lives, Shep - herd to their souls be - came.

THE FACE OF JESUS.

“As for me I shall behold thy face in righteousness.” Psa. 17-15.

(Tune, Opposite No. 16.)

Jesus that dear face of thine,
More to me than oil or wine,
Shone upon the eager throng,
As they slowly marched along,
Visions of thy heavenly face
Sin nor death can ne'er efface,
Thru the gospel still doth shine
With a glory all divine.

Now do I behold Thy face
Full of sympathy and grace,
Perfect mirror of Thy love
Radiant with light above,
Peaceful, as the sunset rest,
Hidden deep within Thy breast,
Calm as in the morn of life,
Feeling neither hate nor strife.

With a tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
With a look divinely set
Like a flint 'gainst wrongs he met,
Holy in his life and word,
I see Jesus friend and Lord,
Calling sinners to repent,
Turn from sin and life mis-spent.

Here I bow; Thee I adore,
Thou, the Christ, I love thee more,
God revealed before my eyes,
Maker, Sovereign, Savior dies;
Great my joy thy face I see,
Risen to life by power in Thee,
Thee I love; Love more and more;
Thou, O Christ for evermore.

THE ETERNAL GOD OUR REFUGE.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, D. D.

"The eternal God is thy refuge."—DEUT. 33: 27.

Arr. from George F. Handel.

1. God of all grace and maj-es - ty, Thy bless-ing we im-plore, Thro' time and
2. Fath-er of all, the Al-might-y, The blest e - ter - nal King, Giv-er of

in e - ter - ni - ty..... Thy ho - ly name a - dore, Thy
Life.... and Lib - er - ty..... We to Thy glo - ry sing, We

Thy holy, Thy ho - ly name a -
We to, we to Thy glo - ry

ho - ly name a - dore, Thy ho - ly, Thy ho - ly name a - dore.
to Thy glo - ry sing, We sing, we to Thy glo - ry sing.

dore, Thy ho - ly name a - dore,
sing, We to Thy glo - ry sing,

3 The Creator, Lord of glory,
Giver of Christ, the Son,
Who gave Himself on Calvary,
To redeem us His own.

4 To Thee, the great Jehovah—God,
Be endless praises given,
Who redeemed us by His own blood,
And made us heirs of heaven.

5 Eternal God, my refuge be
In storms of sore distress,
My Comforter when in trouble,
Hope, when waves overwhelm me.

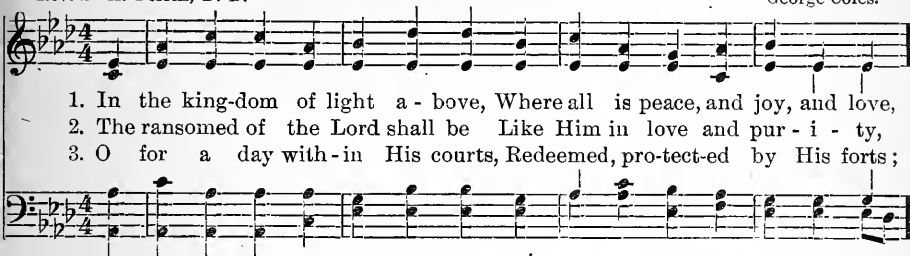
6 'Neath me He plants His loving arms,
Upholds, and strengthens me ;
Delivers from all dread alarms,
And gives me victory.

WE SHALL SEE THEM FACE TO FACE.

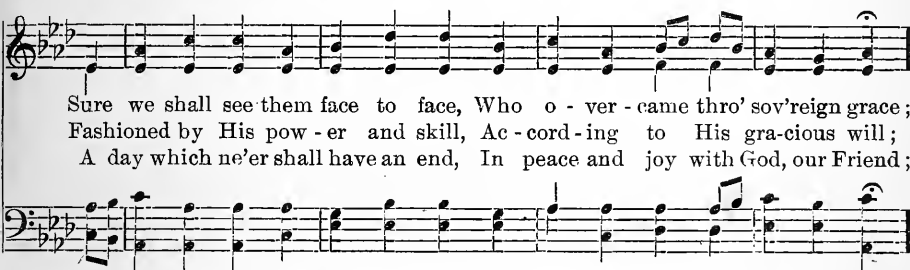
"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 COR. 13: 12.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, D. D.

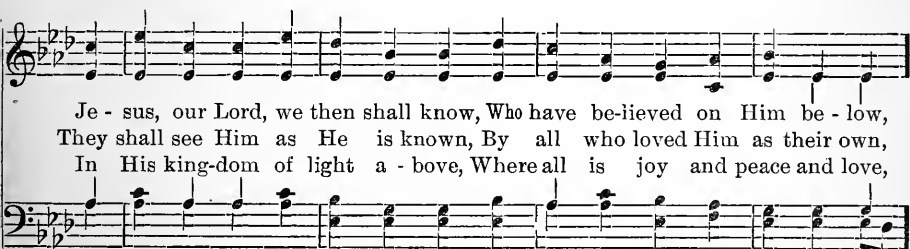
George Coles.



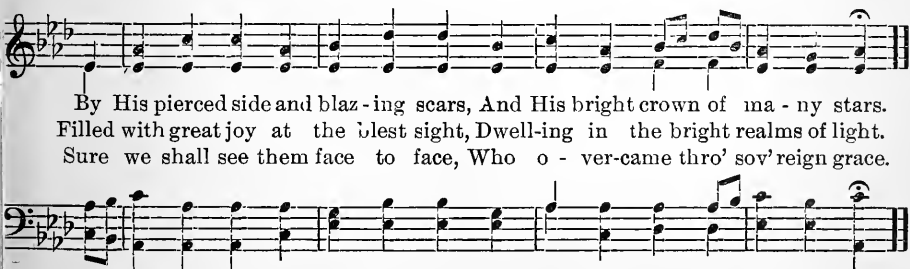
1. In the king-dom of light a - bove, Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
2. The ransomed of the Lord shall be Like Him in love and pur - i - ty,
3. O for a day with - in His courts, Redeemed, pro-tection by His forts;



Sure we shall see them face to face, Who o - ver - came thro' sov'reign grace;
Fashioned by His pow - er and skill, Ac - cord - ing to His gra - cious will;
A day which ne'er shall have an end, In peace and joy with God, our Friend;



Je - sus, our Lord, we then shall know, Who have be - lieved on Him be - low,
They shall see Him as He is known, By all who loved Him as their own,
In His king-dom of light a - bove, Where all is joy and peace and love,



By His pierced side and blaz - ing scars, And His bright crown of ma - ny stars.
Filled with great joy at the blest sight, Dwell - ing in the bright realms of light.
Sure we shall see them face to face, Who o - ver - came thro' sov'reign grace.

No. 20

THE WORLD, THE WHOLE WORLD FOR JESUS.

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations," Matt. 28:19.

(Tune, Duane Street, D.L.M., on page, No. 19.)

The world, the whole world for Jesus
In the present generation,
'Twill glo-ri-fy the Lord Jesus,
To send "glad news" to all nations,
His kingdom come with glorious power,
Where e're is found our brother man,
And let this be the supreme hour,
For coming of the Son of Man.

God be with you, O ye laymen,
To triumph o'er all the world's foes,
And teach all men of life and heaven
And save from sin and all their woes
Ring out, Ring out the blest gospel
Beginning at Jerusalem,
And fill the earth with his glory,
Who died for us on Calvary.

No. 21

OH! DO NOT FORGET THY FATHER.

Father's Day Song.

(Tune, Duane Street, L. M. D. No. 19.)

Oh, do not forget thy Father,
Amid the rush and cares of life,
But remember him the rather
Who sought thy comforts in the strife.

Speak a word of praise for Father,
Now grown grey, and worn with toiling
Whose care was for thee and mother,
Who wrought for God, home, land, trusting.

Ever love and own thy Father,
Next to thy mother thy best friend,
Award him justice and honor,
Thus crown his days till duties end.

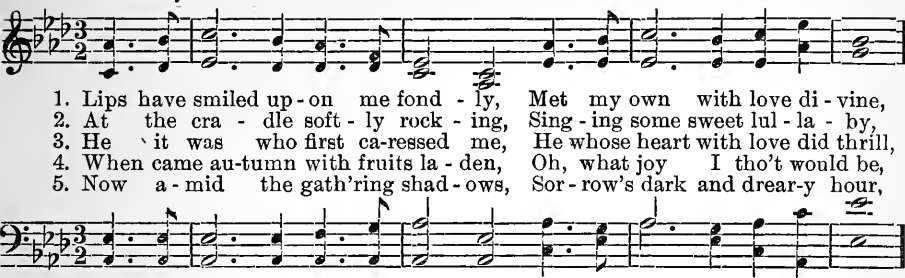
In his mem'ry keep "Father's Day,"
Wear a rose col'r'd for his delight:
Or if he sleeps in peace, oh, say,
I'll wear a rose never so white.

D. A. PERRIN.

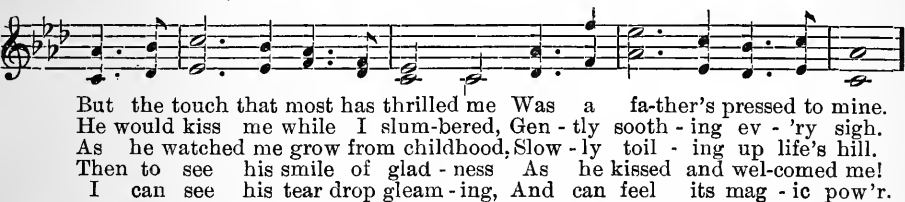
MY FATHER'S KISS.

Mrs. Pearl Fisher. By per.
Arr. for music by D. A. Perrin.

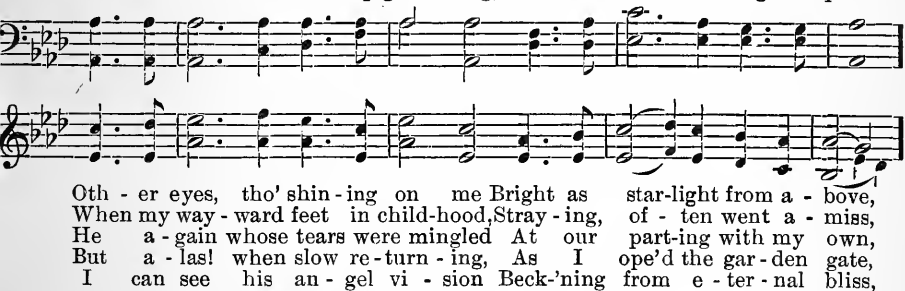
Louis von Esch.



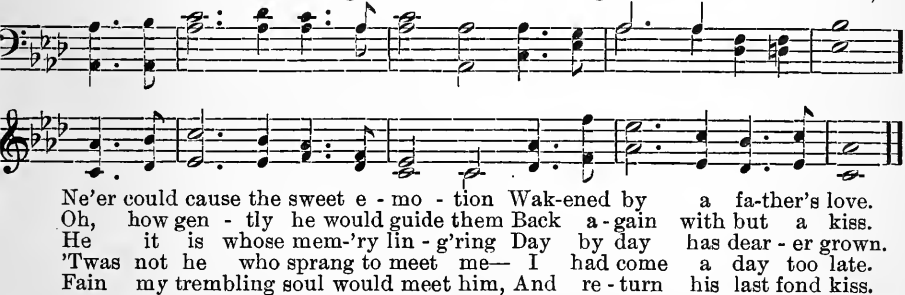
1. Lips have smiled up-on me fond - ly, Met my own with love di-vine,
2. At the cra - dle soft - ly rock - ing, Sing - ing some sweet lul - la - by,
3. He 'it was who first ca-ressed me, He whose heart with love did thrill,
4. When came au-tumn with fruits la - den, Oh, what joy I tho't would be,
5. Now a - mid the gath'ring shad - ows, Sor - row's dark and drear-y hour,



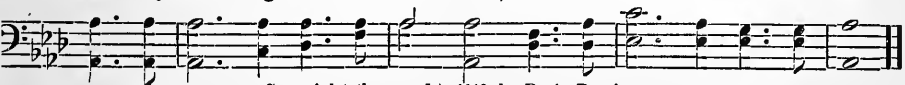
But the touch that most has thrilled me Was a fa-ther's pressed to mine.
He would kiss me while I slum-bered, Gen - tly sooth - ing ev - 'ry sigh.
As he watched me grow from childhood, Slow - ly toil - ing up life's hill.
Then to see his smile of glad - ness As he kissed and wel-come'd me!
I can see his tear drop gleam - ing, And can feel its mag - ic pow'r.



Oth - er eyes, tho' shin - ing on me Bright as star-light from a - bove,
When my way - ward feet in child-hood, Stray - ing, of - ten went a - miss,
He a - gain whose tears were mingled At our part-ing with my own,
But a - las! when slow re - turn - ing, As I ope'd the gar - den gate,
I can see his an - gel vi - sion Beck-'ning from e - ter - nal bliss,



Ne'er could cause the sweet e - mo - tion Wak - ened by a fa-ther's love.
Oh, how gen - tly he would guide them Back a - gain with but a kiss.
He it is whose mem-'ry lin - g'ring Day by day has dear - er grown.
'Twas not he who sprang to meet me— I had come a day too late.
Fain my trembling soul would meet him, And re - turn his last fond kiss.



I'M NEARING HOME.

With lively expression.

Words and Music by the Rev. D. A. Perrin.

1. My heav'nly tri-umph is be-gun, My earth-ly race is near - ly run;
 2. The myriad voic-es round the throne Ech-o the Master's words, "well done,"
 3. New joys awake, new won-ders rise, To them who seek the crown-ing prize;
 4. They cast their crowns before His feet, And won-ders of His love re-peat;
 5. My heav'nly tri-umph is be-gun, The bat-tles fought, the vic-t'ries won;

Vi-sions of glo-ry and of pow'r Rise on this con-se-crát-ed hour.
 And gold-en cen-sors of His love With in-cense fill the home a-bove.
 An-gels and saints His tem-ple own, And glad-ly wor-ship at His throne.
 Wor-thy the Lamb that died they cry, To save the world He came to die.
 Vi-sions of glo-ry and of pow'r Burst forth on this tri-umph-ant hour.

CHORUS.

I'm nearing home, I'm nearing home, Jesus is mine, I'm nearing home
 My heav'nly home, My home, sweet home,

To love Him more, To love Him more, I'm nearing home to love Him more
 In heav'n above, Where all is love,

FAITH AND VICTORY.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—JOHN 5: 4.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.



- | | | |
|---|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Sav - iour, Thy matchless love | Dis - played for me, | That I should |
| 2. While sweet - ly trust - ing Thee, | Di - rect my way, | Near - er Thy - |
| 3. Watch - ing thro' life, by pray'r Give ho - ly | zeal, | Let ev - 'ry |
| 4. Pre - served 'gainst ev - 'ry loss | Je - sus, my tow'r, | I glo - ry |
| 5. Liv - ing by faith in Thee, | In death, or life, | A pæan of |

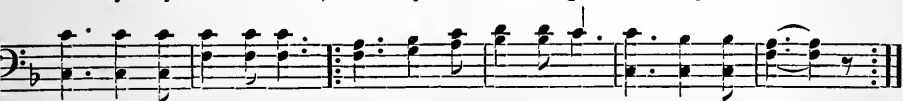


mer - cy prove,	Be - lieve on Thee;	The cross, the throne are Thine,
self to be	Each clos - ing day;	Thro' sor - row or thro' joy
work and care	True love re - veal;	Thy will, not mine, be done,
in Thy cross	In this glad hour;	As Thou o'er - cam'st for me
vic - to - ry	Crown ho - ly strife;	Be mine to bear a part



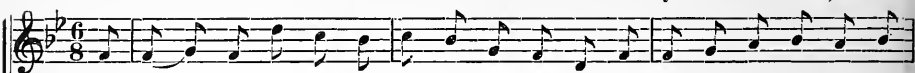
Repeat softly.

The peace, the joy be mine, And blessings all di - vine Re - served for me.
 Thy praise be life's employ; Far - ther from earth's alloy Near'r Thee alway.
 O make me all Thine own By grace, or tri - al won De - vo - tion seal.
 O may my faith in Thee Strong and triumphant be A gra - cious pow'r.
 In ey - 'ry work of heart, Glad - ly to all im - part The way of life.



MEMORIES OF HOME.

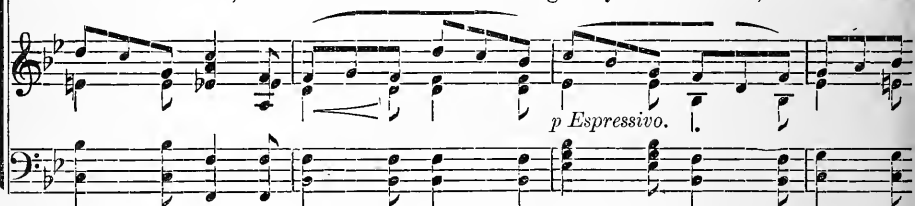
Words and Music by Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.



1. How can I ev-er for-get it, no, nev-er, While I think of home and the
 2. I saw the streams flowing by as of old, gen-tly Me-an-der-ing be-twixt the
 3. O I thought my heart would burst sud-den-ly with grief, As I lie pros-trat-ed with



joys long gone by; When I sauntered lone on my way to meet mother, And I trembled
 house and the trees; To me all was so homelike and so dear, tru-ly The tho'ts of my
 sor-row so keen; But there was one in whom I glad-ly found re-lief, O it was the



lest it prove, my last good-by. The first thrill note of the rob-in red-breast, A-
 childhood days bro't to me tears. The scene in the home is now what I remember, My
 God and Friend of my mother. My mother's hands so pure and white round me twined, As



MEMORIES OF HOME. Concluded.



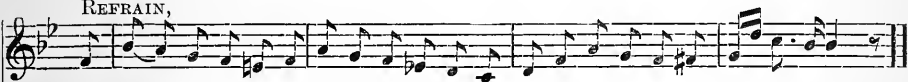
woke in my heart fondest of mem-o - ries, As I approached softly it
moth-er on her couch re - clin-ing and wait-ing, I wondered if she should
does the wild vine in the summer time climb, Her voice whisp'ring low and sweet



brought back the rest of My child - hood and of my ear - li - est days.
know me, my moth-er, The doc-tor sat by her side kind-ly attending.
thrill - ed oth - er days Is still the same sweet, loving voice when she prays



REFRAIN,



How can I ev - er for-get it, no, never, While I think of home and the joys long gone by.



JESUS.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, D. D. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus."—MATT. 1: 21.

Richard Redhead.

1. By His love and by His tears Je-sus saved us from our fears; He a-toned for all our sin,
2. By His death and by His blood He re-cov-ered us to God; Now He claims us for His own,

And makes pure our hearts within, He atoned for all our sin, And makes pure our hearts within.
Redeemed partners of His throne, Now He claims us for His own, Redeemed partners of His throne.

3 By His will and by His power,
Celebrates for us the hour;
Lifts our souls to things above,
Fills us with His peace and love.

4 By His spirit freely given,
Witnesses in us of heaven;
Makes us sure we'll win the race,
By His everlasting grace.

5 By His rising from the grave,
From our doubts He doth us save;
Opens wide the gate to heaven,
Builds our hopes on sins forgiven.

6 By His interceding love
Gathers all His saints above;
Freed from sin and earthly strife,
Crowns them with eternal life.

ALETTA. 7s.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, D. D.

(Second Tune.)

William B. Bradbury.

1. By His love and by His tears, Je - sus saved us from our fears;

He a - toned for all our sin, And makes pure our hearts with - in.

No. 27

WRITE TO MOTHER TODAY.

(Tune, Aletta, No. 26.)

If you have a mother dear,
In the old home far away
Send to her a sweet message
Long deferred from day to day.

Wait not till her weary steps
Climb upward to heav'n's gate,
Let her know you think of her,
Ere it be too late, too late.

If you have a heart of love
And a loving word to say,
Do not wait till tomorrow,
But write to mother today.

'Twill bring her sweet memories
And will cheer her on the way;
'Twill make her so real happy
While you honor "Mother's day."

No. 28

THINK OF FATHER TODAY.

(Tune, Aletta, No. 26.)

If you have a father dear
In the old home far away
Send to him a kind message
Oft deferred from day to day.

Wait not till his weary steps
Are faltering on the way.
Let him know you think of him,
While you hallow "Father's day."

If either there's heart to love
Or a loving word to say
Do not wait till tomorrow,
But write to Father today.

'Twill re-vive sweet memories,
And will cheer him on the way;
'Twill make him so real happy
While you honor "Father's day."

No. 29

VICTORIS CORONA.

(Tune, Aletta.) No. 26.

Joy, O Joy, the time will come
When the Lord will call us home;
On his head He'll wear the crowns
Of bright starry worlds he owns.

But of all the crowns he wears,
No glittering crown compares
In the New Jerusalem,
With the royal diadem.

All his saints shall shout his praise
Thru eternity they'll raise
Songs of vic-to-ry He gave,
Over death, hell, and the grave.

On the cross of Calvary,
Jesus died for our glory,
The aegis of life He won,
And obtained a joy and crown.

Hail! all hail! triumphant chief!
Sinner, loose in Christ Thy grief.
All the world the Savior own,
Crown him with the victor's crown.

TRUST IN GOD.

"What time I am afraid I will trust in thee."—Ps. 56: 3.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, A. M.

Thomas Hastings.

1. How can I doubt, O God of love, Thy good-ness and Thy love to me?
2. From doubts and fears I turn a-side, I tread the path by faith oft trod,
3. Life's problems Thou wilt full explain, When the tri - als are all o'er past,
4. My God is love, why should I fear? "He lead - eth me." "Calls me by name,

How great my cares or bur-dens prove, I still am Thine, I trust in Thee.
And fol - low Thee, what-e'er be-tide, Thro' all the way and trust in God.
To my sad, pa - tient heart make plain, And joy will come to me at last.
No an - gel spir - it dwells so near," To - day, to - mor - row, e'er the same.

No. 31 LIFE IN CHRIST THE IDEAL LIFE.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, A. M.

"In him was life."—JOHN 1: 4.

Thomas Hastings.

1. God of my life, I give to Thee My soul and all my hours; What-e'er I
2. Down from the shining seats above Thou hast'n'd to my re - lief; Up - lift - ed
3. While trembling on the brink of woe I heard Thy gentle voice; In tones of
4. Just as I am I came to Thee, Wretched, and poor, and blind; My eyes a -
5. Thou mad'st my happiness complete, Thou gav'st me hope of heav'n; Henceforth I

am Thou gav-est me, My beings ransomed pow'rs, My beings ransomed pow'rs.
on the cruel cross, Thou bear'st my sins and grief, Thou bear'st my sins and grief.
love, so sweet and low, "Come unto me, re - joice, Come un - to me, re - joice."
woke, my soul was free, My life, in Thee to find, My life in Thee to find.
longed for Thy retreat And Thee, my soul's life giv'n, And Thee, my soul's life giv'n.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

(To God's Men.)

W. STILLMAN MARTIN,



1. Scat - ter flow'rs wher-e'er you go, This is your ev - 'ry day du - ty;
2. Say the good thing while they live, Friends all a-round you need lift - ing;
3. Show your love by word and deed, God wants each heart filled with glad - ness;



- Life is sad e - nough we know, Help fill the world with love's beau - ty.
 Hast - en now your kind - ness give, Save some dear soul now from drift - ing.
 For each flow - er there is need, Here there is no room for sad - ness.



CHORUS.



Do not wait 'till your friends pass a - way, Give them beau - ti - ful flow'rs to - day;



Lov - ing kind - ness will al - ways pay, Scat - ter the flow - ers now.



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ONLY TO THEE.

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." John 6: 37.

Words and Music by the Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.

1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, On - ly to Thee; My hope is
 2. My faith looks up to Thee, On - ly to Thee My sins are
 3. My peace is made with Thee, On - ly with Thee; My joy is
 4. My praise shall be to Thee, On - ly to Thee; My cares shall
 5. My hours be spent for Thee, On - ly for Thee; My life be

stayed on Thee, On - ly on Thee; Thy Word in - vites me near
 laid on Thee, On - ly on Thee; For all Thy grace hath given,
 found in Thee, On - ly in Thee; All that Thou giv - est me
 rest on Thee, On - ly on Thee; When trou - bles dark - en day,
 hid in Thee, On - ly in Thee; When death shall close the race,

Repeat softly.

Thy love dis - pels my fear,
 Peace, joy, and love and Heav'n,
 In Faith may I re - ceive, Je - sus, I come to Thee, On - ly to Thee.
 And tri - als through my way,
 And I have won through grace,

O KEEP THE BLESSED WORDS OF JESUS.

CLOSING SONG.

"If any man love Me, he will keep My words." John 14: 23.

Words and Music by Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.

1. O keep the bless - ed words of Je - sus, Which speak of His grace and love,
 2. O keep the bless - ed words of Je - sus, They will light-en ev - 'ry care,
 3. O th' words, the bless - ed words of Je - sus, How they thrill us with His joy,
 4. O keep the bless - ed words of Je - sus, R'peat them o'er and o'er a - gain,

Peace and glad-ness will they bring you, Keep them then, and look a - bove.
 If you're temp-ted a - bove meas-ure, Tell it all to Him in prayer.
 As He tells us, He re - ceives us, And His words our tongues em - ploy.
 Nev - er fear to trust Him ev - er, Keep them, then, and Je - sus gain.

CHORUS.

O beau - ti - ful words of Je - sus, Beau - ti - ful words, lov - ing words.

If an - y man love Me, love me tru - ly, He will keep, will keep My words, My words.

*Songs for Sunday-School and Church.***GOD OF OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.****Opening Song.**

"His name shall be called the Lord our Righteousness." Jer. 23:6.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.

Henry Carey.

1. God of our Right - eous - ness, With Thy voice fa - vors bless,
 2. O make us tru - ly wise, Let cheer - ful an - thems rise
 3. God bless the saved and free With gra - cious help from Thee,

When - e'er we meet; We come to Thee for light, That all our
 From youth - ful hearts, While pre - cious seed is sown, E - ter - nal
 Un - veil Thy Word; Thy Ho - ly Spir - it give, That all Thy

days be bright, Thy serv - ice pure de - light At Je - sus' feet.
 life make known And claim us for Thy own Ere day de - parts.
 Truth re - ceive And to Thy glo - ry live for - ev - er, Lord.

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Songs for Sunday-School and Church.

THE HOLY SPIRIT WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.

"And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth."—Jesus. John 14: 16, 17.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Come Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love, With - in these hearts of ours.
2. Ex - pand Thy wings, Ce - les - tial Dove, Brood o'er our na - ture's night,
On our dis - or - dered spir - its move, And let there now be light.
3. God thro' Him - self we then shall know If Thou with - in us shine;
And sound with all Thy saints be - low The depths of love di - vine.
4. Come Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy sav - ing powers,
U - nite and per - fect us in love, Thy love shall then be ours.

CHORUS. *f*

O come, Ho - ly Dove, come, And with me a - bide, O

car - ry me thro' on Thy dove-like wings, To my e - ter - nal home, O

car - ry me thro' on Thy dove-like wings, To my e - ter - nal home.

OUR EPWORTH LEAGUE ANNIVERSARY SONG.

Rev. D. A. PERRIN.

D. F. HODGES.

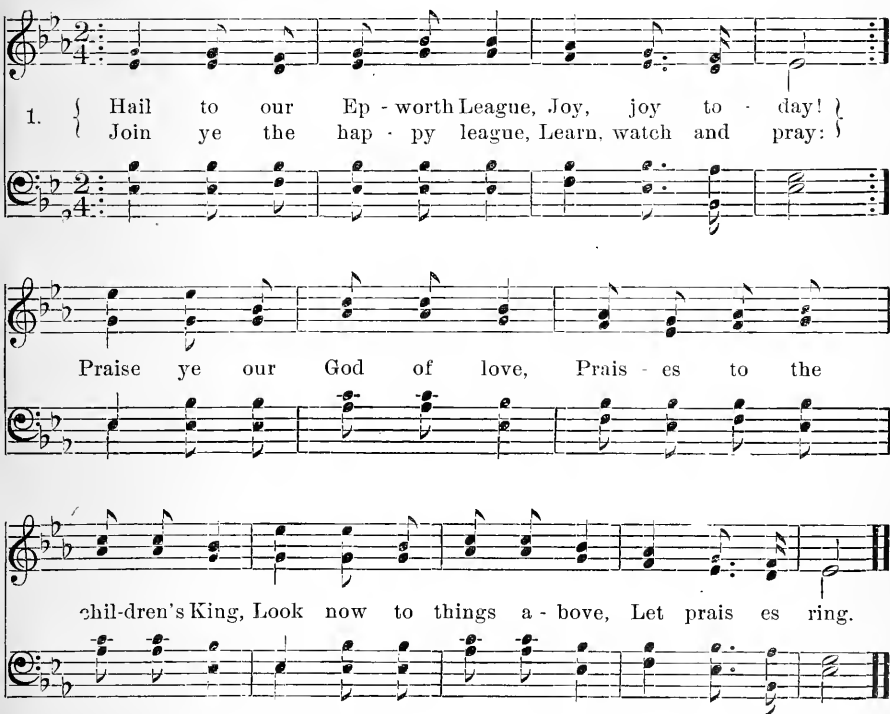
1. We hail with joy our Ep-worth League And glo - ry in our day,
We join our hands in ho - ly league, And learn to watch and pray;
We praise our Fa - ther God of Love, We mag ni - fy our King,
Look up, by faith, to things a - bove, And fer - vent prais - es sing.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 We hail with joy our Epworth Pledge,
And, glad, our cause is one,
We raise our hands in royal pledge
To Christ,—eternal Son;
Come serve the Lord with all thy heart,
Oh, come without delay,
Nor ever from thy joys depart,
Be wise while called to-day.</p> | <p>4 We hail with joy our Epworth Badge
For God and truth we stand,
Lift up the royal, friendly badge,
Go forward, hand in hand.
Wear it where'er our duty calls,
Nor ever be dismayed,
Wear it, no less whate'er befalls,
Our league with Jesus made.</p> |
| <p>3 We hail with joy our Epworth work,
United are our bands,
All for our heavenly, glorious work
In this, and other lands.
Let us attend His faithful word,
Bring in the joyful day
Of Christ, our holy, risen Lord
His precepts to obey.</p> | <p>5 We hail with joy our Epworth League
On this,—a day of days,
We join our hands in holy league,
Employ our tuneful lays,
We praise our Father God of Love,
We magnify our King,
Look up, by faith, to things above
And fervent praises sing.</p> |

JUVENILE EPWORTH LEAGUE SONG.

D. A. PERRIN.

D. A. P.



1. { Hail to our Ep - worth League, Joy, joy to - day! }
 Join ye the hap - py league, Learn, watch and pray: }

Praise ye our God of love, Prais - es to the

chil-dren's King, Look now to things a - bove, Let prais es ring.

2 Hail to our Epworth Pledge!
 Now we are one;
 Bound by a royal pledge,
 To God's own Son;
 Come, serve with all thy heart,
 Come, rejoice without delay,
 Nor, from His joys depart,
 Be wise today.

3 Hail to our Epworth work!
 Blest be our bands;
 All for our glorious work
 In many lands;
 Go forward by His word,
 Leading to the promised day,
 Joy in our risen Lord,
 Haste to obey.

4 Hail to our Epworth Badge!
 For God we stand;
 This be our faithful badge,
 Go hand in hand;
 Wear it where duty calls,
 Whosoever be dismayed,
 Wear it, whate'er befalls,
 Hope ne'er delayed.

5 Hail to our Epworth League!
 Joy, joy today;
 Join ye our prosperous league,
 Learn, watch and pray;
 Praise ye our God of love,
 Praises to the children's King,
 Rise, now, to things above
 Let praises ring.

4. GOD BE WITH US AS WE MEET AGAIN.

D. A. PERRIN.

"Emmanuel, — God with us." Matt. 1 : 23.

S. MORRISON.



1. God be with us as we meet a - gain, By His pres-ence mer-cy show us,



With His lov-ing kind-ness bless us; God be with us as we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.



As we meet, as we pray, As we sing in Je-sus' name,

As we meet, as we pray, as we pray, As we sing in Je-sus name, as we sing,



As we meet, as we wait, God be with us as we meet a - gain.

As we meet, as we wait, as we wait, God be with us as we meet a - gain.

Copyright by D. A. Perrin, 1889.

2 God be with us as we meet again,
Comfort strengthen and renew us,
With His favor still behold us;
God be with us as we meet again.
As we meet, &c.

4 God be with us as we meet again,
By His word and promise prove us,
With His spirit guide, uphold us;
God be with us as we meet again.
As we meet, &c.

3 God be with us as we meet again,
Deliv'r when our foes assail us,
With great peace and joy endow us;
God be with us as we meet again.
As we meet, &c.

5 God be with us as we meet again,
In the fellowship of Jesus,
In the love of brethren keep us;
God be with us as we meet again.
As we meet, &c.

No 40.

GOD BE WITH US ALL ALONG THE WAY.

(Tune: Opposite No. 39.)

God be with us all along the way,
By his grace a refuge for us,
With his sheltering arms around us,
God be with us all along the way.

Chorus:—

While we sing; while we pray;
God be with us all along the way,
Till we meet, in His name,
God be with us all along the way.

God be with us all along the way,
Comfort, strengthen, and direct us,
With his favor still behold us,
God be with us all along the way.

God be with us all along the way,
Shield us when our foes assail us;
With his Love and peace endow us;
God be with us all along the way.

God be with us all along the way,
By his word and promise cheer us,
With his spirit guide, uphold us,
God be with us all along the way.

God be with us all along the way,
By his grace sustain and keep us
With his shelt'ring arms around us;
God be with us all along the way,

SEND ON MORE THINGS TO JESUS.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Rev. D. A. Perrin.

Rev. D. A. Perrin.

1. Send on more things to Je-sus, Ye lov-ers of the Lord; He's fit-ting up thy man-sion
 2. A-cross the might-y o-cean, From India's coral strand, Rich presents now forthcoming
 3. Send on, send on to Je-sus Gifts rich-er far than they; Sing of thy heav'n-ly mansion
 4. Send on more things to Jesus, And make thy man-sion fair; He'll range thy gifts with pleasure,
 5. En-ter at last thy man-sion, All fit-ted up with care; Behold these jewelled treasures,

Ac-cord-ing to his Word; Great joy is found in heav-en, Among the an-gel throng
 To beau-ti-fy our land; Loved to-ken of sweet friendship Within thy house so fair
 All of thy life-long day; Wor-ship the king e-ter-nal, Who did our souls re-deem;
 And live, and love thee there. O see its great per-fec-tion, Wrought by His holy skill;
 Burnish'd with praise and pray'r: Lift up thine eyes, rejoicing In Je-sus' pre-cious love;

CHORUS.
 Sweet peace in hearts for-giv-en, In-spir'd by ho-ly song.
 Are sent by swarth-y chil-dren A-dorned with sap-phires rare.
 Send on thy brightest jewels Of love, and pray'r, and praise. Send on more things to Jesus,
 Pre-pared, it is thy man-sion Made read-y by His will.
 See all thy gifts a-dorn-ing Thy hap-py home a-bove.

Thy mansion he'll prepare, Send on more things to Je-sus, He'll make thy mansion fair.

SEND ON MORE THINGS TO JESUS.

(Origin of the Sacred Song.)

In a sermon preached by Bishop W. X. Ninde, D.D., August 18, 1889, on the Milan Camp-ground, from the words, "He calleth his own sheep by name," the bishop spoke of his visit to India. He said when in India a great many presents were made to him by friends, such as brass ornaments, carved and ingenious workmanship, embroideries of various kinds, silks, and such as the natives of that land make. Some he purchased, not because there was any intrinsic value in them, but because they would be valuable to him at home as Indian curiosities.

When he left India these presents were shipped *via* Liverpool to New York. When they arrived at the custom-house in New York the boxes were opened and examined, and he observed "there were many useless things, he thought, among them," not anticipating the use which should be made of them. The boxes were forwarded to his home in Topeka, Kansas. He went directly home, and after two days he was called away on business, and while away was taken sick and did not return for several months. In the meantime the boxes had arrived at his home, and his daughter had taken the presents and purchased articles, and decorated his room with them. So when he returned home and entered his room, he saw all these gifts and choice treasures from India, and he felt himself back again among his friends. "So, beloved," said the bishop with great unction and power, which moved the whole encampment to joy and anticipation of heaven, "*send on your gifts to Jesus.*" "*Send on more things to Jesus,*" with which he will prepare your heavenly mansion.


He has gone to prepare a place for you, and he has prepared it by his own hands, but he looks to you to send on the gifts to beautify the mansion. "In my Father's house," said the Savior, "are *many* mansions." Have you a mansion there? "Send on more things to Jesus," and make it beautiful. While the Rev. J. D. Smith, of Woodhull, Ill., was exhorting with great power from this portion of the bishop's sermon next day, so impressed was the author with the theme, that before the exhortation ended and the people dispersed to their tents, the song was composed. Let us give praise to God for this beautiful thought, "Send on more things to Jesus."

THE SOUND OF A GOING.


"When thou hearest the sound of a going," etc.—2 SAM. 5: 24.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, A. M.


Effie Winans.



1. The sound o' a go - ing, O how fair, It stirs our breast to - day;
 2. O hap - py youth who know the sound, And turn a - way from sin,
 3. The Zi - on of our God re - joice, And in thy glo - ry rise,
 4. The sound o' a go - ing now has come, Be - stir thy - self to - day;



The joy is great be - yond com - pare, The no - ble youth who pray;
 The gos - pel of a thou - sand years In - vites them all turn in;
 Hail thou the sound with heart and voice, Thy glo - ry is the prize;
 The voice of Je - sus calls thee home, O haste, His will o - bey;



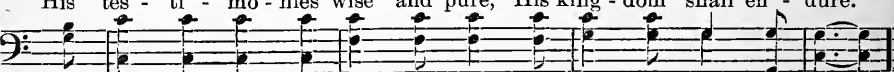
Thou hear'st the sound now from a - far, The trees do clap their hands,
 They come, they come with songs and glee, Thrice bless - ed is our day,
 The Church of God her chil - dren own, With o - pen arms re - ceive
 The word of God is ev - er sure, His prom - is - es are true,

CHO.—Give praise to God, O praise His name, Who calls us in our youth,



D. S. for Chorus.

A mul - ti - tude of cheer - ful hearts, O hear the voice of bands!
 With ban - ners, pledg - es, badg - es see, God's glo - ry to dis - play.
 The pre - cious souls which Je - sus loved, He calls them to be - lieve.
 His tes - ti - mo - nies wise and pure, His king - dom shall en - dure.



To shun the paths of sin and shame, And turn to Him in truth.

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MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, A. M.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, A. M.

pp rit.

1. Oh, hush my dar - ling, dear, In my arms nev - er fear, Sweet - ly rest;
 2. Sleep, oh, sleep tears a - way, Fresh sun-shine comes with day On thy brow;
 3. Rest thee, while hours go by, Sing - ing my lul - la - by As of old;
 4. Sleep, yes, a - sleep in peace, A - sleep, one more life's lease Of dear'st joy;
 5. Sleep, oh, sleep, love, and rest, Nor pain dis - turb thy breast, Sweet - ly rest;

Dream of thy moth - er's care, Dream of wee Wil - lie's pray'r, Nest'd in my breast;
 Couch'd in beau - ti - ful sleep, Seen by an - gels that keep Thee white as snow;
 To thee, my dar - ling child, So in - no - cent and mild, Lamb of the fold;
 Hap - py, thrice hap - py, love, Born to me from a - bove, For heav'n's employ;
 Dream of thy moth - er's care, Dream of wee Wil - lie's pray'r, Nest'd in my breast;

With expression. *pp rit.*

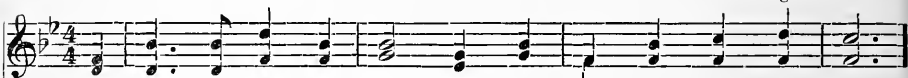
Dream of thy moth - er's care, Dream of wee Wil - lie's pray'r, Nest'd in my breast.
 Couch'd in bean - ti - ful sleep, Seen by an - gels that keep Thee white as snow.
 To thee, my dar - ling child, So in - no - cent and mild, Lamb of the fold.
 Hap - py, thrice hap - py, love, Born to me from a - bove, For heav'n's employ.
 Dream of thy moth - er's care, Dream of wee Wil - lie's pray'r, Nest'd in my breast.

A TEMPERANCE LEGION SONG.

ONWARD.

Rev. D. A. Perrin.

George J. Webb.



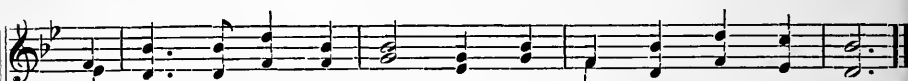
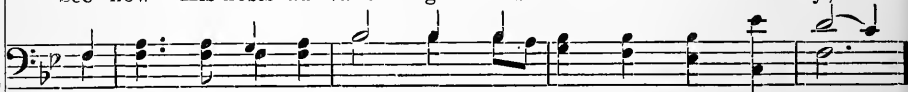
1. On - ward, still be our mot - to, Be val - iant for the truth,
 2. Go gath - er in the chil - dren, A might - y host shall be,
 3. The cause of right shall has - ten, And truth tri - um - phant prove,



Great con - quests make in tri - umph By all the no - ble youth;
 En - roll their names for Je - sus In this great com - pa - ny;
 For God still reigns in heav - 'n, On earth His le - gions move;



Go lift the ban - ner proud - ly O'er home and na - tive land!
 A - rise, go forth and con - quer In your Com - mand - er's name;
 See now His hosts ad - vanc - ing 'Mid shouts of vic - to - ry;



Go raise the cry for free - dom By all the faith - ful band,
 March with the cry of vic - t'ry, And win the vic - tor's fame.
 The chil - dren's voic - es sing - ing Ho - san - nas to His name.



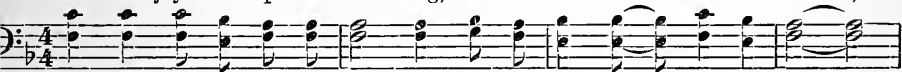
HOME-COMING SONG.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.

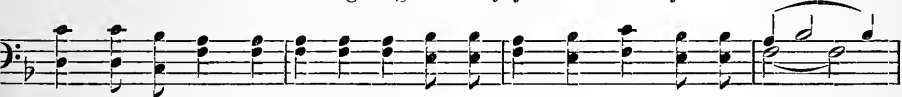
Evelyn Mayes.



1. Cheer up, brothers, we are com - ing, With our hearts all true joys we seek,
2. Let us meet in good old fash - ion, And the glad sto - ry tell al - way,
3. Raise the sig - nal for re - joic - ing, While o'er floats our coun - try's flag;
4. We in heart are still u - nit - ed, And th' red blood cour - ses thro' our veins;
5. Let us bear each oth - er's bur - dens By re - liev - ing their wants and ours,
6. Let us joy to keep Home-Com-ing, And oft think of our friends and home,



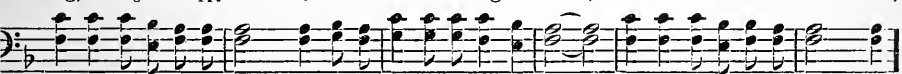
We'll join the host in gath - er - ing With our friends on Home-Com-ing Week.
 Of songs we sang in u - ni - son, And the joys we shared day by day.
 See stars and stripes a - bove wav - ing O - ver high'st moun - tain peak and crag.
 We all to each are re - lat - ed, And for our coun - try love still reigns.
 And seek the spir - it which wak - ens With - in each breast kind love and pow'rs.
 Lift hearts and voic - es in sing - ing Of the joys and times yet to come.



CHORUS.



Sing, O sing the happy welcomes, Pass it on all along the line, Let the music of sweet voices,



D. S. — Let the smil - ing of bright fac - es



Re-mind us of the old-en time, Wel-come, wel-come, wel - come to all...
 yes, welcome,



Re-mind us of the old - en time.

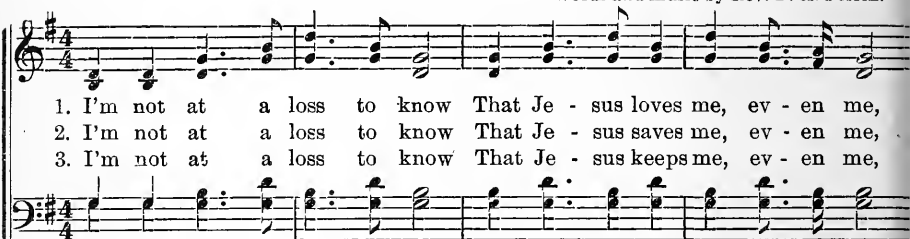
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CHILDREN'S SONG.

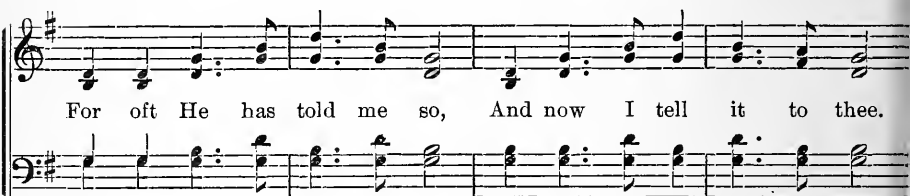
I'M NOT AT A LOSS TO KNOW.

"Who loved me and gave himself for me."—GAL. 2: 20.

Words and music by Rev. D. A. Perrin.



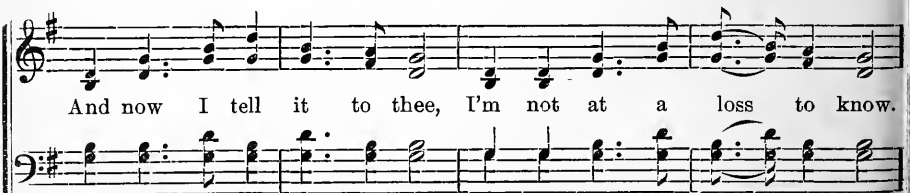
1. I'm not at a loss to know That Je - sus loves me, ev - en me,
 2. I'm not at a loss to know That Je - sus saves me, ev - en me,
 3. I'm not at a loss to know That Je - sus keeps me, ev - en me,



For oft He has told me so, And now I tell it to thee.



Yes, Je - sus loves me, ev - en me, For the Bi - ble tells me so,
 Yes, Je - sus saves me, ev - en me, For His spir - it tells me so,
 Yes, Je - sus keeps me, ev - en me, For His gos - pel tells me so,



And now I tell it to thee, I'm not at a loss to know.

THE GLORY OF PEACE.

"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—ISA. 2: 4.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, D. D.

Lowell Mason.

1. What maj - es - ty in war, When men come from a - far,
 2. What glo - ry is that peace, When war and car - nage cease,
 3. The God of Peace im - plore That war shall be no more
 4. The God of Peace be ours, With all His love and pow'rs

A loy - al band; Re - veille sounds not in vain To sum - mon
 And all are one; Ar - mies lay down their arms, Un - moved by
 Thro' - out our land; Then shall our homes be blest, Peace shall give
 To give us peace; In Him may faith a - bound In all the

the vast train, To wage with might and main For Fa - ther - land.
 false a - larms, Nor fear the dread of harms, Bless - ed Un - ion.
 tran - quil rest, And joy fill ev - 'ry breast By God's com - mand.
 world a - round, And songs tri - um - phant sound As bat - tles cease.

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MY HOME ABOVE.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14: 2.

Tune—Olivet.

- 1 My home above the sky,
 Sweet home for which I sigh,
 Toward thee I move!
 Home where the pure are blest,
 Home where the weary rest
 Upon the Saviour's breast,
 Sweet home I love.
- 2 The promised home I view
 From heights of love anew,
 The glories mine!

O hear the songs they sing,
 O see the joys they bring,
 While praises ever ring
 In notes divine.

- 3 Soon I shall reach my home,
 When Jesus bids me come
 And calls me near!
 Then I shall see His face,
 And loved ones saved by grace,
 And find in heaven a place
 More sweet, more dear.

No. 50

DOXOLOGY.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning."—Ps. 5: 3.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, D. D.

Rev. T. H. Simthers.

Praise God for the blest pow'r of pray'r; Praise Him for His kind, watch-ful care

Praise Him for love, His love, His way; Praise God for the sweet light of day.

No. 51

EVENING PRAISE.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.

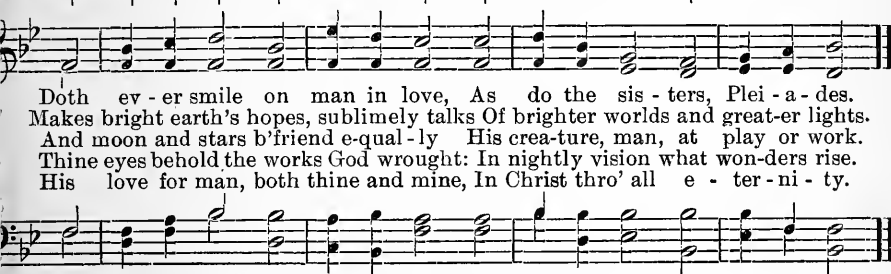
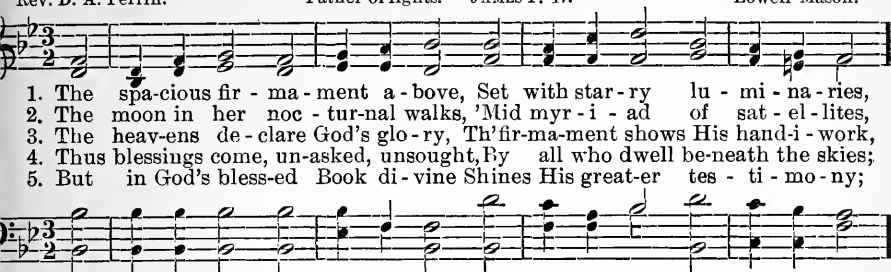
Rev. T. H. Smithers.

Praise God for His blessings to-day, to-day; Praise Him for the life, truth, and way (and way)

Praise Him for health, and strength, and joy; Praise God for sweet em - ploy (em-employ)

GRATUITOUS BLESSINGS.

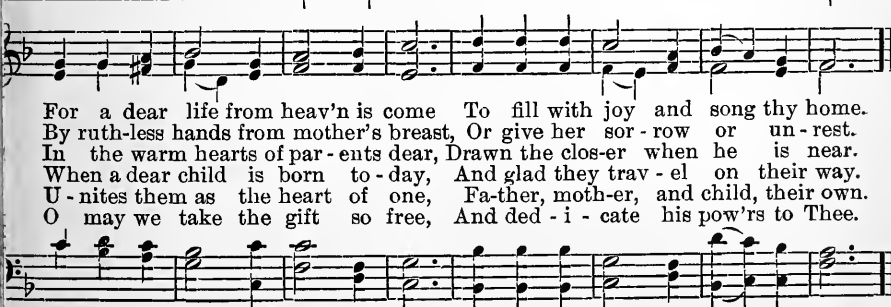
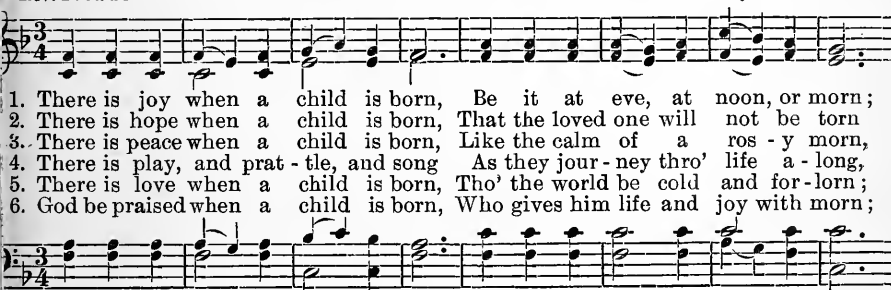
"Every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights."—JAMES 1: 17. Rev. D. A. Perrin. Lowell Mason.



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JOY WHEN A CHILD IS BORN.

"Lo, children are the heritage of the Lord."—Ps. 127: 3. "For joy that a man is born into the world."—JOHN 16: 21. Peter Ritter. Arr. by W. H. Monk. Rev. D. A. Perrin.



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MY COUNTRY, LET IT BE.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.

Henry Carey.

1. My coun - try, let it be From the vile curse set free
 2. A - mer - i - ca re-nowned, By acts of val - or crown
 3. Sur - vey our fair do-main, Mourn for the thou - sands slain,
 4. Let all the pow'rs that be Or-dained for lib - er - ty,
 5. Man's help - er, God, to thee Our cause of lib - er - ty,

Of de - mon drink; Land where no drunk - ards chide, Land of the
 Lead in the fight; Sons of a no - ble race, Daugh-ters of
 Our sons that fall; U - nite, and firm - ly stand, Hearts, voic - es,
 Like men u - nite; Then shall our land be free, Its curse no
 To thee we bring; Soon may our foes re - tire, To free - dom

toil - ers pride, Of sweet home and fire-side Let pa - tri'ts think.
 truth and grace, Fell the foe in dis-grace, Strike with thy might.
 hand in hand, And drive him from the land, King Al - co - hol.
 lon - ger see, And by the wise de-cree, Su - preme in right.
 call a - spire, Our al - tars clothe with fire, Great God our King.

Our Country's Flag

BY THE

REV. D. A. PERRIN, M.A.

AIR.—AMERICA.

Our country's flag, revere,
Ye people far and near,
On land and sea ;
Stars that shall never fade,
With glorious Stripes array'd,
By our fore-fathers made,
For all our free.

Our country's fair ensign,
Thrice noble its design,
Its triumphs sing ;
Pride of our native land,
Joy of a mighty band,
Beneath we take our stand
Our tribute bring.

Preserv'd in peace and war,
Throughout our land afar,
Our starry flag ;
By Comrades borne for us,
Through wars vic-to-ri-ous,
To us made glo-ri-ous,
Our country's flag.

Hail image of the skies,
O'er our proud land to rise,
Resplendent, fair ;
Renowned in his-to-ry,
Of brightest des-ti-ny,
Let songs of fe-al-ty
Swell on the air.

God bless the rank and file,
With His benignant smile,
Pledged to the flag ;
Long may our Banner wave,
O'er land our fathers gave,
Let all unite to save
Our heritage.


The Nation's Songs



NUMBER TWO

The Stars and Stripes

If we would instill in the minds of our youth sentiments of loyalty to our institutions, we must keep before their eyes the "symbol" of our Nation.

 OUR country's flag, as it now appears, has come down to us from the past, and is a growth rather than a creation. It is interesting to note its historical development. A flag with a canton of thirteen stripes was used by Captain Markoe, of the Philadelphia Light Horse, as early as 1774. In the year 1775 Dr. Franklin and Messrs. Lynch and Harrison were constituted a committee to consider the subject of a national flag for the Colonies. They designed a flag resembling that of the East India Company. The King's Colors, or Union Jack (the Crosses of St. George and St. Andrew), represented the existing sovereignty of England, with a field of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, emblematic of the Union of the Colonies. This flag was raised for the first time on the 2d of January, 1776, over the camp at General Washington's headquarters, Cambridge.

When the independence of the Colonies was decided upon, the Union Jack, or King's Colors, was removed and the thirteen stars, as the national symbol of the Colonies, were substituted instead.

In June, 1776, General Washington, accompanied by a committee of Congress, waited upon Mrs. John Ross, of Philadelphia, and engaged her to make a model flag from a rough drawing, which at her suggestion was redrawn by General Washington with pencil and a star of five points was substituted for a six-pointed star.

On the 14th day of June, 1777, the American Congress, in session at Philadelphia, established by its resolution a national flag for the United States of America. The resolution was as follows:

Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

This was the first official United States flag of the present design ever used by our army and navy.

Although the resolution establishing the flag was not officially promulgated by the Secretary of Congress until September 3, 1777, it seems well authenticated that the stars and stripes were carried at the battle of the Brandywine, September 11, 1777, and thenceforward during all the battles of the Revolution. Soon after its adoption the new flag was hoisted on the naval vessels of the United States. The ship *Ranger*, bearing the stars and stripes and commanded by Capt. Paul Jones, arrived at a French port about December 1, 1777, and her flag received on February 14, 1778, the first salute ever paid to the American flag by foreign naval vessels.

The flag remained unchanged for about eighteen years after its adoption. By this time two more states (Vermont and Kentucky) had been admitted to the Union, and on January 18, 1794, Congress enacted that from and after May 1, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field. This flag was the national banner from 1795 to 1818, during which period occurred the war of 1812 with Great Britain. By 1818 five additional states (Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana and Mississippi) had been admitted into the Union, and therefore a further change in the flag seemed required. After considerable discussion in Congress on the subject, the act of April 4, 1818, was passed, which provided:

1. That from and after the 4th day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

2. That on the admission of every new state into the Union one star be added to the Union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July next succeeding such admission.

The return to the thirteen stripes of the 1777 flag was due, in a measure, to a reverence for the standard of the Revolution.

No act has since been passed by Congress altering this feature of the flag, and it is the same as originally adopted, except as to the number of stars in its Union. In the war with Mexico the national flag bore twenty-nine stars in its Union; during the civil war thirty-five, and since July 4, 1891, forty-six.

Our Country's God

BY THE

REV. D. A. PERRIN, M. A.

AIR:—AMERICA

Our Country's God adore,
And praise Him evermore,
From shore to shore;
Our native land He gave,
To all her true and brave,
A heritage to save,
Bright, evermore.

Our Country's God we love,
And all His ways approve,
In war, and peace;
Like Israel's chosen band,
Led He thro' out our land;
And at His own command
Caused wars to cease.

He framed the worlds above,
And conquered by His love,
His creature man;
Subservi'nt to His will,
He gave him to fulfill
His royal mandate still,
When time began.

Jehovah is His name,
From age to age the same,
Omnipotent;
He reigns above, below
The skies; Peace to bestow
Upon the high and low,
With sweet content.

Our Father's God! in Thee
Our faith implicit be,
Defend our right;
Give wisdom from above,
Our hearts inspire, and move
With patriotic love,
Thou, God of might.

The Name of God is Interwoven in the History of American Civilization

“In official proclamations and documents, from the compact in the ‘Mayflower’ down thro’ the Declaration of Independence, to the last Thanksgiving proclamation God is recognized as the sole dispenser of human events.

“The declaration with which the President consecrates himself to the duties of his high office, closes with an attestation which is a recognition of God—‘So help me God.’ ‘So help me God,’ not ‘So help me Jupiter;’ not ‘So help me Buddha;’ not ‘So help me my venerated ancestors;’ not even in the language of the so-called philosophy ‘So help me thou unknown infinite power outside ourselves which makes for righteousness,’ but ‘So help me God.’

“Such also is the lesson of our national anthem as it rings out,

‘Our Father’s God, to Thee,
Author of liberty
To Thee we sing.’

“God, thro’ His word, reveals as none other, His thoughts and purposes.

“And as you recall that all our official oaths are so attested, and think of the thousands and tens of thousands of times and places that that appeal goes up—‘So help me God’—from every official of the government and of the States, and from every juror and witness in our courts, you may well believe that God and the Bible have entered with power into all the vastness of our national life.

“Indeed, as one has well said, ‘The threads that make up the warp and woof of the glorious fabric called the American Republic, are all gilded and glowing with the light which shines from the Bible’—The Book of God.’”

—CHIEF JUSTICE BREWER.

Of the Supreme Court of the United States.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

(Air, America, No. 35.)

God bless our native land,
True may she ever stand
 A beacon light;
He formed the valleys wide,
Made fertile by the tide,
For peoples to reside,
 One Nation, bright.

O'er all our wide domain
Floats proudly, not in vain,
 Our Country's flag;
Our high ideals are won,
Union of all in one
Great Nation, 'Neath the sun,
 Our heritage.

The dream of ages past
Has been fulfill'd at last,
 Our Nation's weal;
Sing we exultingly,
Sweet land of liberty,
Which God gave graciously,
 His tokens seal.

The songs of all the years
Sound sweeter in our ears,
 In our employ;
The rocks and hills do sing,
The valleys, full, do ring.
From mountains' side do spring
 Fountains of joy.

The hope of every land,
With arms at her command,
 Dawns the world's peace;
Our navy laves the seas,
Our flag waves in the breeze,
Brings to pass what she sees,
 Peace to increase.

Our Nation's God! to Thee,
Giver of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
Bless all who make for peace,
Give all who war release,
With joy our hearts increase,
 Great God, our King.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Every citizen of the United States should be a diligent student of the History and Government of his Country. The great under-lying pillars of the State, are Righteousness, Intelligence and Patriotism, without which no Republic can exist for any considerable time. The Love of Country and her Institutions should be, "First, Last and All The Time."

The map of our country shows in one glance the extent of our domain—from the surges of the Atlantic to the Golden Gate, and from our great Inland Seas to the Gulf. The total area of which, including Alaska is 3,607,604 square miles or 2,308,866,560 acres.

No other country has been peopled by so many various races. The north east was settled by English Puritans; New York by the Dutch; Pennsylvania by the Swedes, English and German Friends or Quakers; Maryland by English; Virginia by English Cavaliers; the Carolinas in part by French Huguenots; Louisiana and Michigan by French; Florida, Texas and California by Spaniards; Utah, Mormons, chiefly from England, Wales and Denmark.

The government of the United States is called a *Representative one*. The people choose a few of their number to make laws for the whole. When these representatives meet for that business they form the Congress. The people also choose one man to enforce the laws of Congress who is called the President of the United States.

The President and Senate choose a certain number of lawyers to explain the laws and these form the Supreme Court of the United States. The government, therefore, consists of three separate departments, but working together: One is the *Executive Department*, composed of the President and his advisers, called the Cabinet, another is the *Legislative Department* and is composed of a Senate chosen by the State Legislators and a House of Representatives chosen by

the people of the several states. A third is the *Judiciary Department* composed of the Judges or members of the Supreme Court. (Lossing's History of U. S.)

For the defence of our Country from external aggressions and for domestic peace and tranquility and for humane purposes exist the Army and Navy.

D. A. PERRIN.

This is the total number enumerated throughout the states, territories, District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico in the thirteenth census, which began April 15, 1910. The total does not include the Philippine Islands.

The increase in the country's population during the last ten years was 16,145,521, or 20.9 per cent, over 77,256,630, the population in 1900, compared with an increase of 14,276,864, or 22.7 per cent over 62,979,766, the population in 1890.

The population of continental United States is 91,972,266, an increase of 15,977,691, or 21.0 per cent over 75,994,575, in 1900, when the increase was 13,046,861, or 20.7 per cent over 62,947,714, the total in 1890.

The total population of the United States, with all her possessions is about 101,100,000. This number includes 7,635,426 in the Philippine Islands, as enumerated in the census there in 1903, and estimates for the population of the Island of Guam, the American possessions in Samoa, and persons on the Panama canal zone.

The number of persons in the military and naval service of the United States stationed abroad and on naval vessels is 55,608.

MY ILLINOIS.

(Tune, America.) No. 35.

What towers above the rest,
Of lands I love the best,
My! Illinois.

Of thee I sing for joy,
With millions in employ,
And hail thy flag, Ahoy;
My! Illinois.

I love thy woods and hills,
Thy vales and singing rills,
Thy native soils;
Thy name perfumed shall rise,
With incense to the skies,
And joy before thee lies,
My! Illinois.

Thy banner, "Old Glory!"
Thy sons repeat th' story
Of Loyalty!
Grant! thou gav'st to the war
Lincoln! Liberty's star,
Logan! Our chief huzzar,
All fought bravely!

Count us among thy sons,
And crown thy loyal ones,
My! Illinois.
On our hearts *write* thy name,
By our mouths *speak* thy fame,
By our tongues sing wi' acclaim
My! Illinois.

THY COUNTRY'S FLAG.

(Sons of Veteran's Song.)

(Written after reading an editorial
in the Daily News on the occasion
of raising the American flag over the
schoolhouses in Massachusetts.)

(Tune, America, No. 54.)

Thy country's flag uphold,
Ye sons of veterans, bold
Defend the right;
Awake from every vale.
Let not thy foes prevail,
Its enemies assail
With thy great might.

Thy country's fair ensign,
Thrice noble its design,
Its triumphs sing;
Pride of our native land,
Joy of a mighty band,
Beneath it take your stand,
Your tribute bring.

Unfurl it 'neath the skies,
O'er our proud youth to rise,
Resplendent fair;
Repeat its wondrous birth,
Proclaim its royal worth,
Let songs of joy and mirth
Swell on the air.

God bless the rank and file,
With His benignant smile
Pledged to the flag;
Long may our banner wave
O'er land our fathers gave,
Awake, ye sons, to save
Thy heritage.

GO, PREACH THE WORDS OF JESUS.

By the Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.

(Tune, Webb, No. 45.)

Go, preach the words of Jesus,
Ye heralds of the cross;
Go, preach to ev'ry creature,
Freedom from sin and dross;
Expound the gospel message,
To those who never heard;
Send forth the gracious blessing,
God, in his love, conferr'd.

Make known the mighty promise
The Saviour gave to all;
Who trust his grace and mercy
While list'ning to his call;
Come unto Me, ye weary,
And heavy-laden, rest;
Now learn of Me, the lowly,
And lean upon My breast.

Go raise the banner, proudly,
On earth, on sea, on land;
Beneath its folds of glory,
Behold the gospel band;
List to the songs of triumph,
Rise o'er the fertile plain,
They're marching on to victory;
Great joy in Jesus name.

Ascribe ye praise to Jesus,
Where 'ere the gospel sound;
Tell of its sweetest story
That ever sinners found;
Obey the gospel message
From hearts so full of love;
'Twill be thy greatest treasure,
On earth, and Heaven above.

Go preach the words of Jesus
To all the world the same;
Go preach to every nation
The glory of His name;
The harvest shall be gather'd
In shouts of praise alway,
The golden sheaves be garner'd
By thousands in a day.

No. 62

HOLY SPIRIT, GUEST DIVINE.

(Tune, "Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,"
M. Hy. 193.)

Holy Spirit! Guest divine,
Hallow every thought of mine.
Come within, with me abide.
In thy love may I confide;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
All thy grace may I inherit.
All thy full salvation see,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

I believe thy precious word,
Uttered by the risen Lord;
Promise of thy fullness claim.
Through the great Redeemer's name:
All my wants to Thee are known,
All thy gifts and joys I own,
Take my undivided heart,
Never from my soul depart.

While I live be this my joy,
All my ransomed powers employ,
For thy glory and thy love,
Till I reach my heaven above;
Called by Thee to work and live,
In Thy name may I receive,
Power and wisdom to fulfill.
All Thy perfect law and will.

No. 63

HOLY SPIRIT, LOVE DIVINE.

(Tune, Aletta.) No. 26.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Now anoint us wholly thine,
Breathe within Thy nature love,
Raise our thoughts to things above.

Gracious Spirit, pity show
All who grovel here below;
Thou art full of tenderness,
Work in us Thy righteousness.

Patient Spirit, hear our prayer,
And for us forever care;
Bear with us when e're we stray,
Call us back to Thy own way.

Loving Spirit, thou art near,
In our trials and our fear;
Thou wilt leave us not alone,
For our griefs thou wilt atone.

Truthful Spirit, may we know,
By thy grace to others show;
Of thy patience and Thy Love,
While we seek our home above.

Heavenly Spirit, all divine,
Make and keep us ever thine,
And according to thy will,
Love us freely, love us still.

I LONG TO BE WITH JESUS.

("Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—
Phil. i. 23.)

(Tune, "I love to tell the story." 544 M. Hy.)

I long to be with Jesus,
And share his glorious rest,
With saintly ones in heaven,
Supremely good and blest;
I long to be with Jesus,
And joy to see his face,
Who loved and redeem'd us
From sin's great curse through grace,

Refrain:—

I long to be with Jesus,
My dearest Friend and Saviour,
Who on the cross redeemed us,
And saved us by his power.

I long to be with Jesus,
That I may sit with him
Upon the throne of glory,
Forever saved from sin;
I long to be with Jesus,
And see the many crowns
Upon his forehead shining,
Where once did rest men's frowns.

I long to be with Jesus,
Where saints and angels dwell,
And talk with them of wonders,
Only their tongues can tell;
Of dear ones overcoming,
While passing through the veil
Of death, did, in the gloaming,
See light beyond the vale.

I long to be with Jesus,
And spend eternity
In worshipping and praising
The God of majesty;
I long to be with Jesus,
And sing his power to save,
Who did on earth redeem us,
And triumph'd o'er the grave.

No. 65

GOD SO LOVED US.

(Tune, Zion, M. Hy. 91.)

Praise the Father, who so loved us
That he gave His only Son;
Boundless love and great compassion
For the souls He sought and won;

God so loved us,
That he gave His only Son;

Praise the Saviour who so suffer'd
On the cross the world to save;
From the curse of sin and folly,
He, our ransom freely gave;

Jesus suffer'd,
On the cross he died to save.

God, my Saviour, who so triumphed
Over sin and satan's power.
By his death he gain'd the vict'ry
For his saints in every hour.

God has triumph'd
Praise, O praise His glorious power.

Hear it, O ye nations, hear it,
All the world may Christ believe
And believing shall not perish.
Everlasting life receive.

Go proclaim it.
All the world may Christ believe.

No. 66

THE SOUL'S SWEET CONVERSE.

(Tune, Aletta, No. 26.)

Prayer is the soul's sweet converse
With the omnipresent God;
My commune in song and verse,
Wheresoe'er my feet may trod.

Prayer is my soul's blest union,
With the Christ, my risen Lord,
Unites as the heart of one,
All who trust in His bless'd word.

Prayer is my soul's matchless power
And with God will sure prevail;
My sole strength, and my high tow'r,
My strong aid, when foes assail.

Prayer is my soul's clear vision
Of the life which is to come;
Opens wide the gate of heav'n,
Bears my longing spirit home.

Thou who hearest when I pray
Send some comfort from above;
Take, O, take my sins away,
Fill, O, fill me with thy love.

To the glory of thy grace
I'll ascribe eternal praise,
See thy reconciled face,
Songs of endless triumph raise.

No. 67

THE LOVE OF GOD'S WORD.

(Tune, St. Thomas, 208 M. Hy.)

"Thy law do I love."—Psa. 119. 163.

I love thy law, O Lord,
Thy royal word obey,
For Jesus does his help afford,
And teach me how to pray.

I love thy truth, O God,
Thy precepts and thy lays;
The knowledge of thy staff and rod
They comfort me always.

I love thy way, O Lord,
Of grace and truth revealed
In Jesus Christ, eternal word,
Who my salvation sealed.

I love thy truth, the word,
The way, the life that's known;
My Saviour shepherd, friend and Lord,
Thee I confess and own.

I love thy word, O Lord,
'Tis precious every day
For Jesus does his help afford,
And lead me in the way.

No. 68

WORSHIP THE LORD IN THE
BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

Psa. 29. 12.

(Tune, Boylston, 275 M. Hy.)

I love to praise thee, Lord,
And bow before thy throne;
Obey the teaching of thy Word,
And worship thee alone.

I love the house of prayer,
Where thou delight'st to hear,
The souls disburdened of their care,
And saved from sin and fear.

I love to hear thee speak,
By thy own messenger,
And learn of Jesus while I seek,
My joy, and Comforter.

I love to join the few,
In fervent prayer and song,
Who consecrate their powers anew,
And grateful praise prolong.

O thou who hearest prayer
In every time and place,
Aid us who for each other care,
Together seek thy face.

Thy blessed work revive
In these poor hearts of ours,
Quicken thou us and make alive
Our ransomed souls and powers.

No. 69

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The song "New Year's Day" may be fittingly sung in every family on the first day of each year.—The Author.

(Tune, Thanksgiving Day Song, No. 10.)

O, give thanks unto the Lord
On this happy New Year's day;
He has kept us by His word,
Led us on thro' all the way.

O, give thanks for home and friends,
For life, kindred, joys they bring;
Love and Truth which He defends,
Of His bounties let us sing.

View the past with thankfulness,
Praise Him for redeeming love;
Talk of His great kindnesses,
Aspire to the life above.

The New Year greet with thy heart,
Come into His gates with praise;
Strong in faith, thy fear depart,
Songs of vic-to-ry now raise.

We give thanks unto the Lord
On this happy New Year's day;
May His presence joy afford,
Comfort, strengthen all the way.

No. 70

EARLY CROWNED.

(Tune, Aletta, No. 26).

He to early rest is gone,
To the realm of joy and song;
I shall go to him but he
Never shall return to me.

Heav'n forbids his longer stay,
God hath taken him away;
He recalls the precious loan
From my bosom to his own.

What he wills is surely best,
Resigned, in his will I rest,
Faith triumphs! "It is the Lord,"
Who consoles us by his word.

He to early rest is gone,
To the realm of joy and song;
Thine he is; no longer mine,
Thine to be, forever thine.

No. 71

O, SACRED CROSS OF JESUS.

(Tune, Webb, No. 45.)

O, sacred cross of Jesus
Which speaks to me of love;
In Thee be all my glory
Till I ascend above:
Jesus, Almighty Saviour,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
I trust thy love and favor
O, keep me to that day.

O, sacred Cross of Jesus
Which speaks to me of strength,
To thee I come in weakness
O, perfect me at length:
Thou art my portion ever;
In all my hours of grief,
Thy comforts and thy favor
Afford a sweet-relief.

O, sacred Cross of Jesus
Which speaks to me of pain,
To Thee I come in sorrow
For sins which have thee slain;
Thou art my great deliv'rer
From burdens which oppress,
Thou art my soul's Redeemer,
My Lord, and Righteousness.

O, sacred Cross of Jesus
Which speaks to me of tears,
To Thee I come for solace
'Mid all my woes and fears;
Thou art my great consoler
When joys do each depart,
The Sympathizing Saviour
To heal my bleeding heart.

O, sacred Cross of Jesus
Which speaks to me of heaven,
O peaceful end! O welcome rest!
To souls Thou hast forgiven;
By many a sacred cross.*
Rise upward in Thy love,
And on the wings of precious faith
Ascend the mount above.

D. A. PERRIN

*Trial, Suffering.

No. 72

HE CALLETH HIS OWN SHEEP BY NAME.

(Selected.)

(Tune, Ortonville, No. 31.)

From highest bliss to deepest woe
The heavenly shepherd came
God's wondrous love to man to show
To call His own by name.

From Bethlehem's low manger-bed
To Calvary's deep shame,
With loves entreaties sweet he pled
Calling His own by name.

My brother, O heed his voice of love
And walk the way He came,
It leads to His right hand above,
He calls His own by name.

Rest thou on Him, thy fleeting breath
Must quit this failing frame,
But Jesus Christ who conquered death
Calleth His own by name.

And when we stand before the throne
'Mid worlds on worlds of flame
The Saviour will confess His own
Beloved sheep by name.

R. L. BRUCE

No. 73

NATIONAL HYMN.

(Tune, America, No. 35.)

My Country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrims pride!
From ev'ry mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

My native Country thee,
Land of the noble, free,
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty
 To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might
 Great God, our King.

J. F. SMITH.

No. 74

CROWN "THE NOBLEST OF ALL."

Tune No. 16.

Comrades, in what soldier grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?
Was it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine
Garlands veil it—ask not mine;
One low grave yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses; wears no wreath.

Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm;
Never foot had firmer tread,
On the field where hope lay dead,
Than are hid within his tomb
Where untended grasses bloom,
And no stone, with feigned distress
Marks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfill
Here lie buried; here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.
Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

LUX VERI.

"Every writing is inspired of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect."—2 TIM. 3: 16.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, M. A.

Rev. T. H. Smithers.



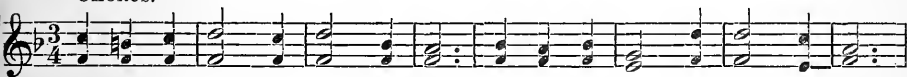
1. The Bi-ble is the light of truth, The lamp which shines upon the way,
2. Oh, pon-der well each sa-cred page, Learn of God's wisdom, pow'r and love;
3. Mil-lions such treasure can not buy, All is God's great-est gift to-day;



The guide to all men from their youth, The sure support of souls that pray.
 Seek ye the Christ in ev - 'ry age, Thy Prophet, Priest, King from above.
 On His own word thou canst re - ly, When heav'n and earth shall pass away.



CHORUS.



With ho - ly zeal clasp to your breast This noblest treas - ure God has giv'n;



On His blest truth se - cure - ly rest, Till God shall call thee home to heav'n.



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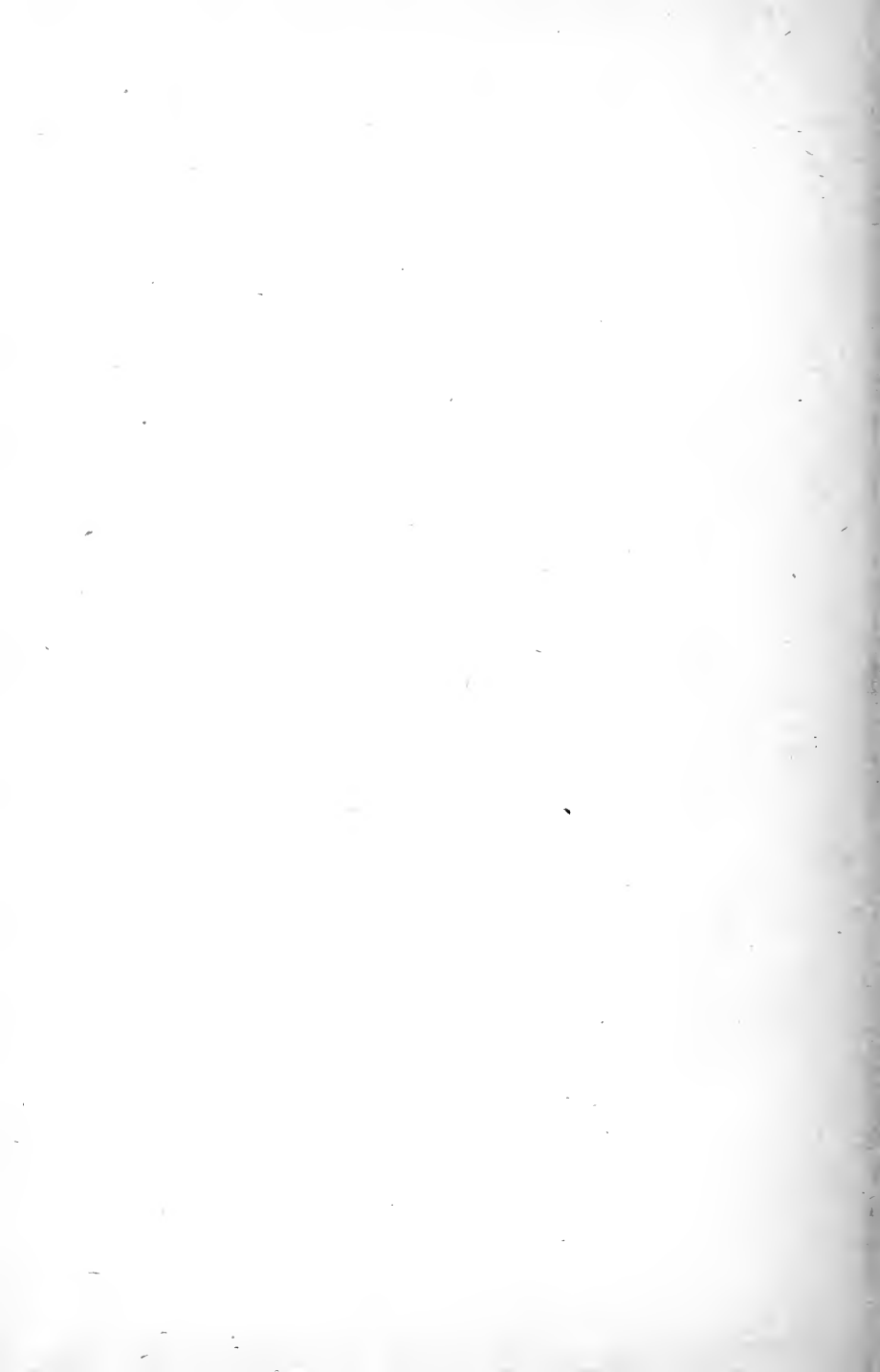
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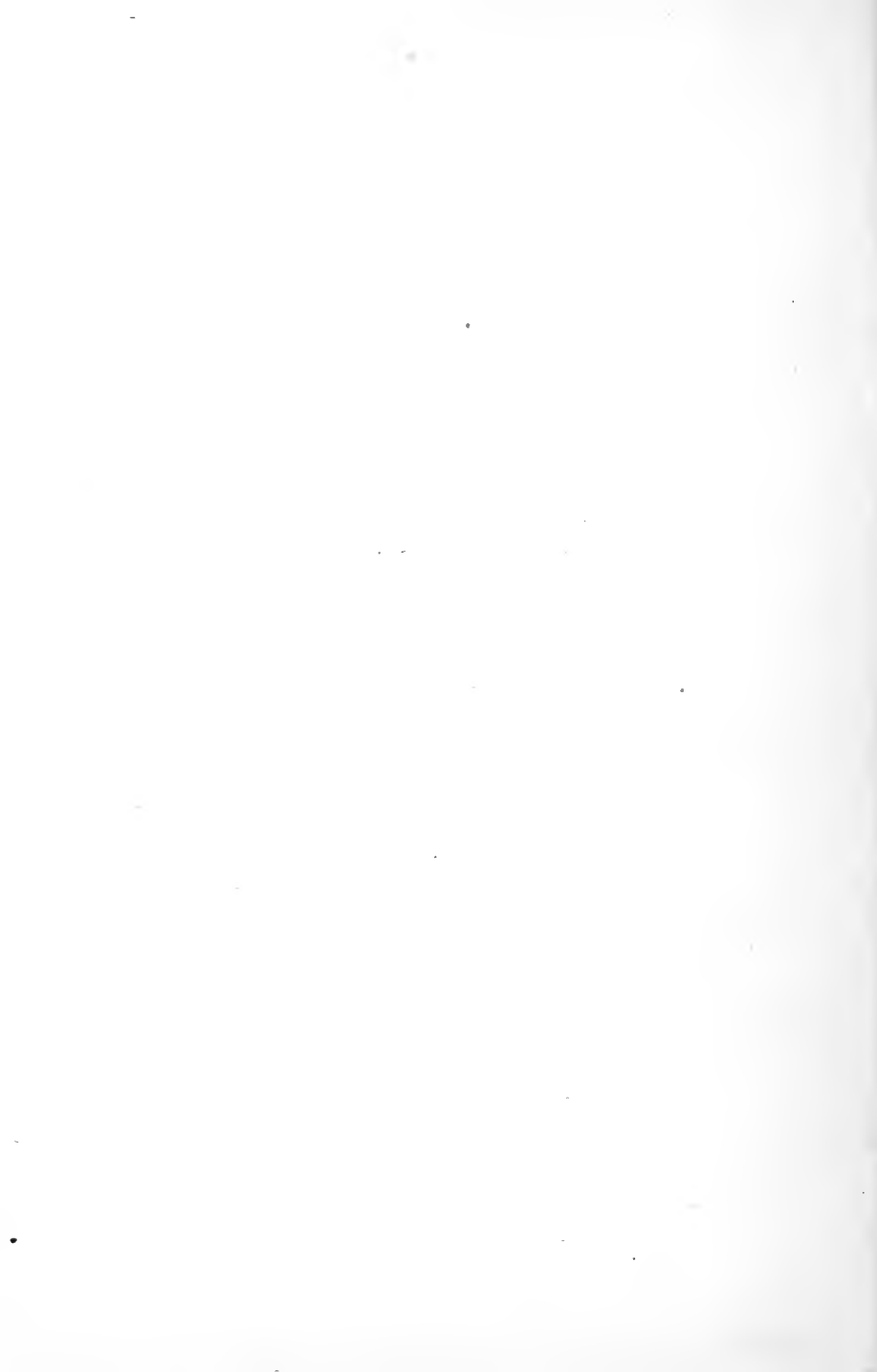
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